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The BYSTANDER

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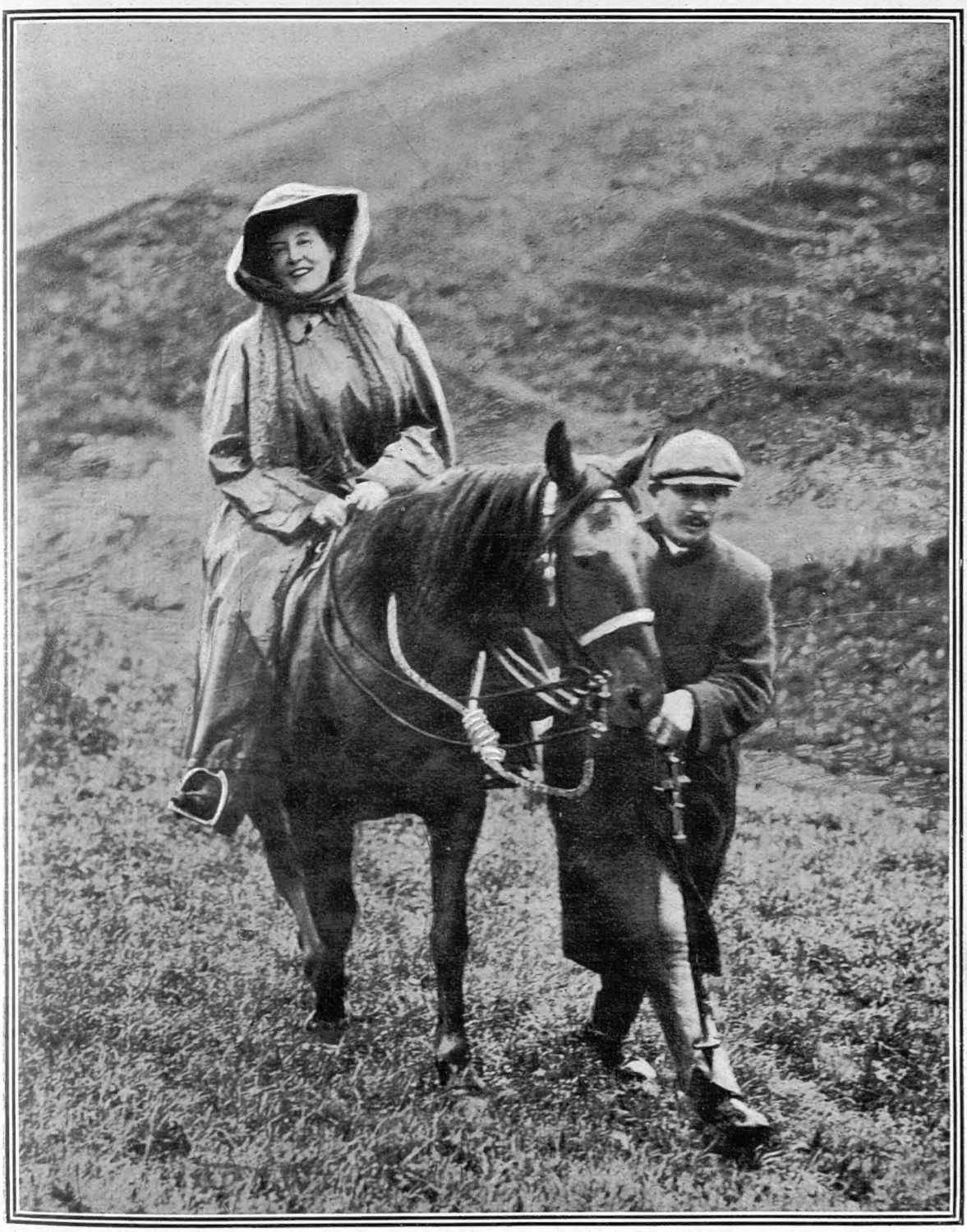


CHEERFUL DESPITE THE WEATHER

Mrs. Charles Hunter, who during the past week has, with her husband, been entertaining a distinguished shooting party, which included Prince Arthur of Connaught. Our photograph shows Mrs. Hunter riding across the famous Wemergill Moors, Yorkshir , where the shoot is situate

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

ON VARIOUS TOPICS

OF THE TIMES

"The World's mine oyster
Which I with PEN will open"

—Pistol (*modified*)

The Birth-Rate Again

SOME gloomy functionary, whose precise title escapes my memory, has, in the course of his gloomy duties, published a comparison of the deaths and the births in the United Kingdom. It would appear that in our already overcrowded London the natural increase of population by the excess of births over deaths is now only 9.74 per 1,000. This is more than the newspapers can bear. We have been treated to lengthy discourses on the "sophistries of certain Eugenists who pretend that quality may be a good substitute for quantity"—though where the "sophistry" arises in such a simple argument does not seem quite clear—while the inevitable Dr. Forbes Winslow has been lamenting that England is rapidly going to the dogs—and not even his dogs! In fact, we are as good as done for, and may as well throw up the sponge now at once and retire in favour of the lusty Negro or the admirable Pacific Islander, or one of the other races where the birth-rate is at a maximum.

***

A World of India-Rubber

STILL, The Bystander is not convinced. It is doubtless a pity, were it only to please Mr. Roosevelt and the Bishop of London, that the world is not made of india-rubber. For it would then be capable of almost indefinite expansion and an almost indefinite amount of mothers could have an almost indefinite amount of babies without let or hindrance. But till the world is made of india-rubber or even of bread-and-cheese, as in the old rhyme, perhaps it might be well to consider things as they are. And, of course, I flatter myself, like everybody else, that that is just what I am doing in pointing out that the whole question of the birth-rate is inextricably bound up with the Food-Supply, and that no amount of lectures, bounties, Eugenics, or anything else can alter that for better or for worse.

***

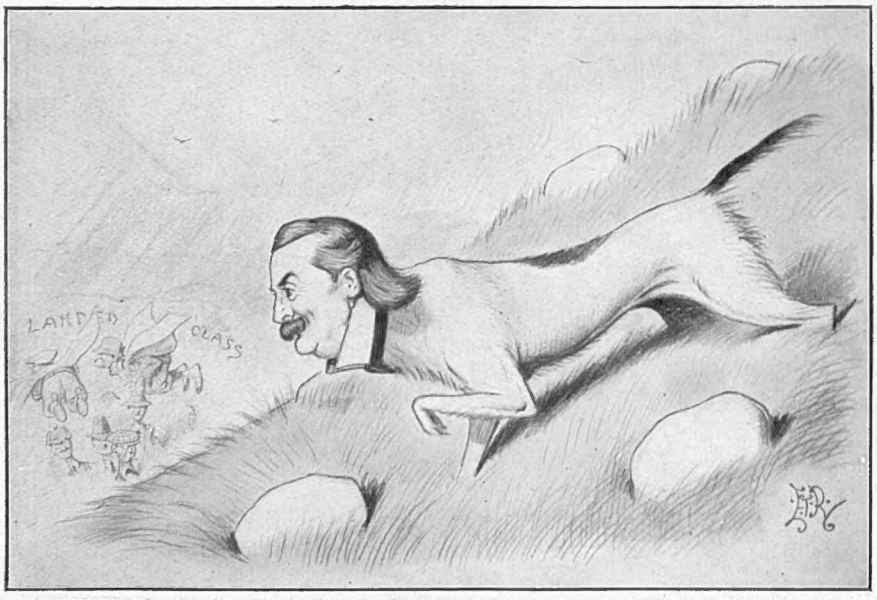
Omelettes and Eggs

INDEED, the whole question is really very simple. As civilisation—which, at present, at any rate, is merely a synonym for competition—becomes more developed, the birth-rate drops. It always has done so, and, as far as I can see, it always must. There is no question of the selfishness or the luxury of this or that class, though these things may contribute slightly to accelerate the process, but one of supply and demand, purely automatic. So that when, as at present, people clamour at the same time for the maximum of civilisation and the maximum of babies, they might as well clamour for the eggs which have served to make the omelette that they have already eaten. At least, so it seems to me.

***

Those Lap-Dogs

I SOMETIMES wonder how the croakers get over the fact that the more intelligent and sober people are, the fewer children do they have, as a rule. In practice, however, the question is usually not answered at all except by a flat denial, and one is treated instead to a tirade against "fashionable childless women of the West End who lavish all their affection on lap-dogs." For my part, I think it just as well that it is only on lap-dogs. They can at least be killed on the death of their mistresses, but children have an unpleasant habit of growing up and surviving. That is by the way, however. The other problem is still with us. In the meantime it occurs to me that some people's idea of public prosperity is a state of things where all private individuals suffer as much inconvenience as possible.



SCENTING GAME

The Ministerial setter, "Dafydd," finds more birds for Government guns

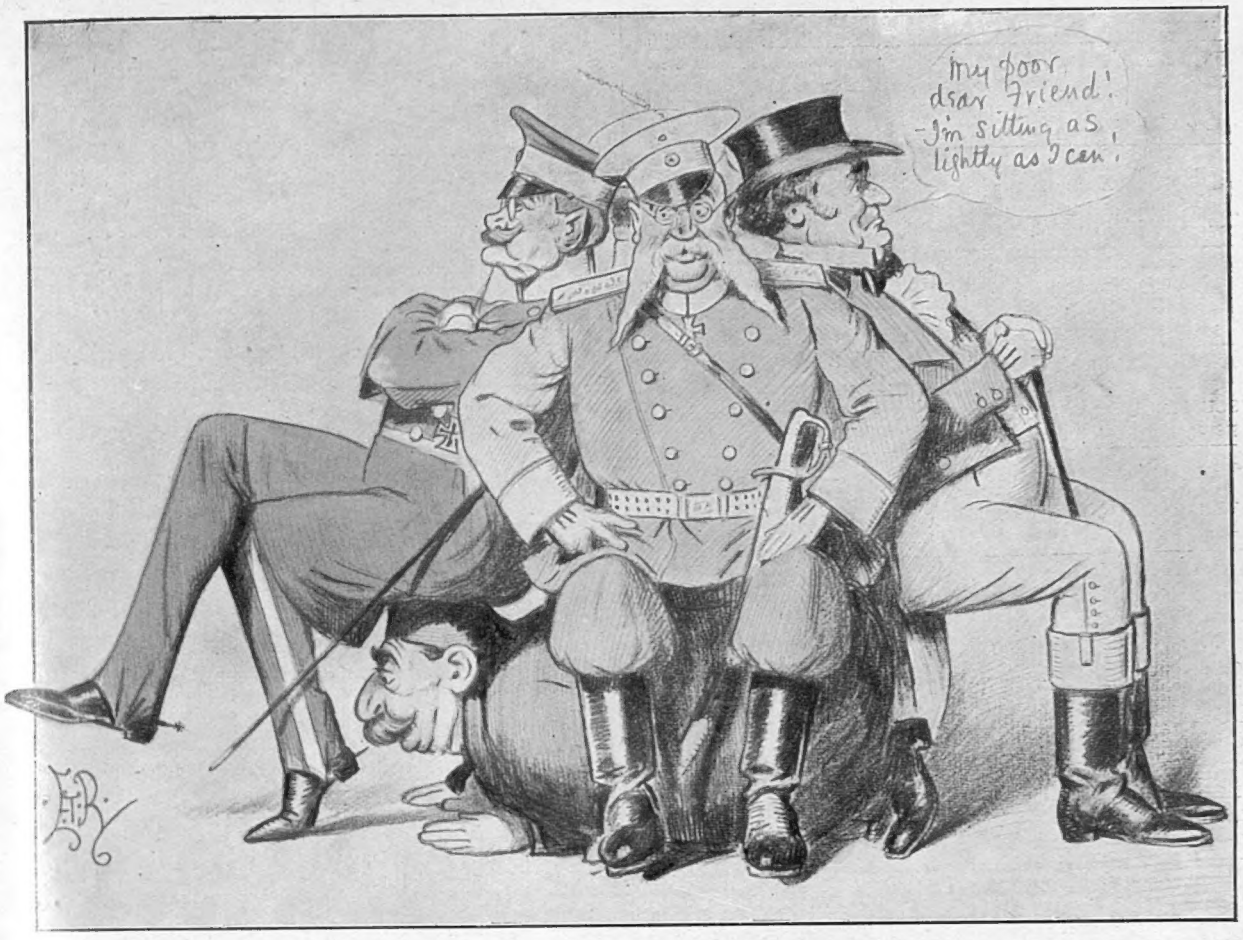
(By E. T. Reed)

***

Good-bye, Mr. Hammerstein

SO Mr. Hammerstein is going to leave us after all! The Bystander is sorry, not so much on account of what Mr. Hammerstein himself accomplished as because of the

"Ottoman-isation" of Turkey. By E. T. Reed



WHAT IS PROBABLY MEANT BY "OTTOMAN-ISATION" OF TURKEY

(At any rate, there is a certain risk that this is the form it will take)

pur that his mere presence applied to other institutions of firmer establishment. As to his own enterprise, THE BYSTANDER was never able to be enthusiastic, and said so. Not because he was an American and a foreigner, as he seemed to think, but because it was perfectly obvious to anyone acquainted with the conditions of musical London that the success or failure of another opera at festival prices was a matter of no importance except to the promoter. Anyhow, the noble disinterestedness of Mr. Hammerstein, about which we have heard so much, should, if proverbs and traditions go for anything, secure him many a good night's rest in the future. And to sleep well is more important than to win a fortune. But I should be interested to know exactly how many nights have been placed to his credit!

***

A Nation of Horse-Dealers

ENGLISHMEN have been described as a nation of shopkeepers, and somehow we have never been seriously offended by the appellation. Similarly I do not think that susceptibilities will be wounded if I describe Irishmen as a nation of horse-dealers. There is scarcely an Irish man or woman who has not an instinctive eye for a horse, and town-life never quite eradicates the keenness for horses which is deeply rooted in the Irish temperament. If you would see the Irish people really in their element I can commend a visit to that great annual display of hunters which is famous throughout the world as the Dublin Horse Show. That I am not exaggerating the reputation of the show when I describe it as world-wide is shown by the fact that it attracts the buyers of nearly all the Continental Governments, and a country as far afield as Japan has its representative at the ring-side this week looking out for suitable stock.

***

Dublin Show Prospects

TO watch the Irish dealers selling their horses at the show is an education. What those animals can do according to their owners is calculated appreciably to raise one's respect for Irish horses. The dealers, too, are pretty successful, seeing that hundreds of hunters change hands during the week. From the social standpoint the show which began yesterday is likely to be as successful as usual. Dublin itself is crowded, and most of the country houses in Meath and Kildare have their guests for the week. No fewer than 900 horses are being exhibited, and in addition to the customary classes for hunters, harness-horses, and ponies, there is some fine jumping, including a special competition for naval and military officers of any nationality.

***

The Futurists Again

THE Futurists, represented, needless to say, by the amazing Marinetti, are on the warpath again. Their idea is to omit all adjectives, adverbs, and verbs, and to use nothing but a long string of nouns with a comma between each. For instance, describing a battle they would write

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THE HOUSE NOT MADE WITH HANDS. By David Lyall. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6s.)
THE GREAT ANALYSIS. (Methuen: 2s 6d net.)
THROUGH GREECE AND DALMATIA. By Mrs. Russell Barrington. (A. and C. Black: 7s. 6d. net.)
THE SOCIAL GUIDE FOR 1912. (A. and C. Black: 2s. 6d. net.)
THE FASCINATION OF HOLLAND. By L. Edna Walter. (A. and C. Black: 1s. 6d. net.)
PRINCE AND PRIEST. By Beryl Symons. (Stanley Paul: 6s.)
MY IRISH YEAR. By Padraic Colum. (Mills and Boon: 10s. 6d. net.)
DICTIONARY OF PHOTOGRAPHY. (Hazell, Watson, and Viney: 7s. 6d. net.)
ISLE OF ARRAN. By the Rev. C. A. Hall. (A. and C. Black: 1s. 6d. net.)
THE LOVES OF STELLA. By Mrs. Shiers-Mason. (Stanley Paul: 6s.)
TRAMPS THROUGH TYROL. By F. W. Stoddard. (Mills and Boon: 7s. 6d. net.)
THE RIDER OF WAROONA. By G. Firth Scott. (Long: 6s.)
THE CONSORT. By Mrs. E. Cotes. (Stanley Paul: 6s.)
THE CHOICE AND OTHER POEMS. By Mrs. V. Campbell. (Lynwood: 2s. 6d. net.)
YESTERDAY. By Anna Costantini. (Greening: 6s.)
A MESSAGE FROM MARS. By L. Lurgan and R. Ganthony. (Greening: 3s. 6d.)
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SAVE US FROM OUR FRIENDS. By W. Caine. (Greening: 6s.)
HEY FOR CAVALIERS! By May Wynne. (Greening: 6s.)
THE SECRET OF THE SANDS. By F. M. White. (Ward, Lock: 6s.)
THE SPINSTER. By H. Wales. (Long: 6s.)
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THE RETROSPECT. By Ada Cambridge. (Stanley Paul: 6s.)
FLOWERS, DUST, AND SUN. By Mary Chadwick. (Long: 2s. 6d. net.
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THE LOSS OF THE SS. "TITANIC." By Lawrence Beesley. (Heinemann: 3s. 6d. net.)
A CHILD'S VISIONS. By Daphne Allen. (Allen: 6s. net.)
YONDER. By E. H. Young. (Heinemann: 6s.)
LOVE'S CROSS ROADS. By L. T. Meade. (Stanley Paul: 6s.)
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SELMIN OF SELMINGFORD. By B. Mitford. (Ward, Lock: 6s.)
KNICKERBOCKER DAYS. By Harris Tweed. (Ouseley: 2s. 6d. net.)
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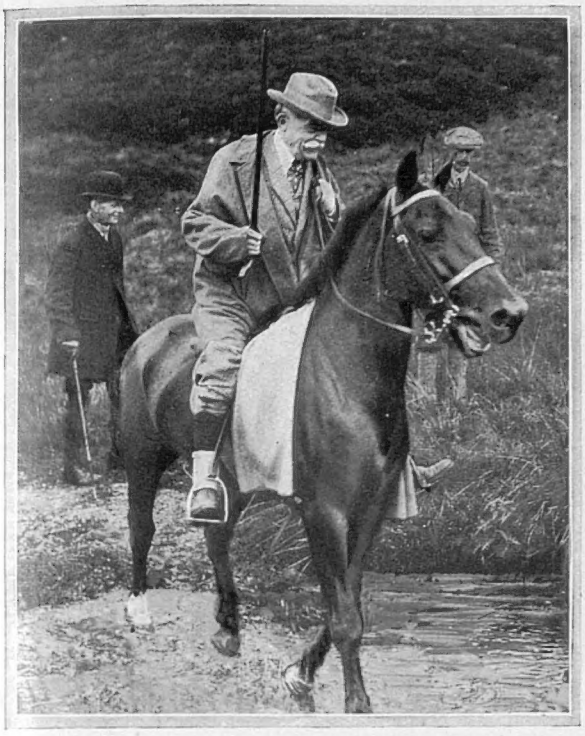
Last Week on the Moors



LORD FARQUHAR RIDING OVER THE MOORS

something as follows: Men, Horses, Blood, Smoke, Rifles, Sabres, Shrieks. It does not seem to be very new. Walt Whitman, in his more tiresome moments, did something very like it. But THE BYSTANDER can go one better. He does not even need to rise to nouns. He will undertake, for instance, to give a full description of the present weather in one short adjective!

***

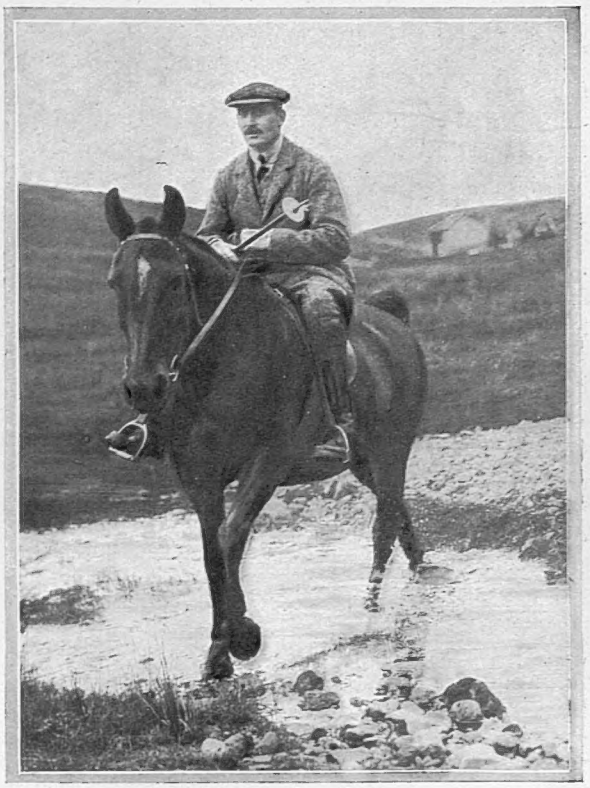
Royal Form

THE King's share of 142 brace in the record bag of 702, which the Abbeystead shooting-party brought back from the Mallowdale Moors, shows that His Majesty is at the top of his form this year and must rank pretty high even among the acknowledged crack shots in this country. For nearly three hundred birds to one gun, more especially when the said birds are driven grouse, probably volplaning down wind about as fast as an aeroplane in a hurry, is a remarkably fine performance.

***

On Deeside

NOW that the Court is in residence at Balmoral most of the places within the sphere of influence of the Castle will be occupied by tenants whom their Majesties number among their personal friends. They have lent Abergeldie Castle (the massive and imposing stronghold they lease from the Gordons) to Lord and Lady Salisbury, for the Queen and her Mistress of the Robes have many sympathies in common, of which hearty boredom by sport of every kind seems to be one. King Edward, as Prince of Wales, once occupied the Castle, but, if I remember rightly, not more than once, for its interior was a good deal too mediæval for comfort: until quite recently there was not such a thing as a bathroom about the house.



PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT PROCEEDING TO A FRESH BEAT

MEMBERS OF MR. CHARLES HUNTER'S SHOOTING PARTY ON THE WEMERGILL MOORS, YORKSHIRE, LAST WEEK

THE HON. HARRY STONOR
Who has the reputation of being one of the best shots in England

***

Prince John's Holiday

ALT-NA-GUITHASACH which is mentioned as the place where Prince John will spend his holidays, is a shooting-lodge not far from Glen Muick, where King Edward when deer-stalking occasionally spent a night. Glen Muick has always stood in close relationship with Balmoral, so closely, in fact, that its late owner made testamentary dispositions that the place should not be let without consulting Balmoral's pleasure. But Sir Sigismund and Lady Neumann are now as well established there as are Admiral and Mrs. Beattie, one of the most popular and accomplished of Anglo-American hostesses, at Invercauld. So in Scotland their Majesties can afford to be neighbourly.

"The Strangling of Persia"

An Unpopular Prime Minister

ACCORDING to a well-informed correspondent of the *Westminster Gazette*, the Prime Minister of China has made himself thoroughly unpopular. He began by telling the Council that "their lives in town were far from free from moral reproach—a statement none the less palatable from the fact that a considerable proportion of the honourable House does not yet seem to have got entirely beyond its wild-oat-sowing stage. He also seems to have taken credit for moral rectitude himself . . . suggesting comparisons with other distinguished Ministers who play a good hand of poker, and, as a Japanese paper to-day announces, establish *ententes cordiales* with Lustige Weiber—expected to be preliminary to international marriage." As a policy we do not think Premier Lu's example will appeal to Mr. Asquith—but are we to conclude that the Nonconformist Conscience is the inseparable ally of Liberal Governments everywhere, even in China?

A DEFENDER OF LOST CAUSES

Mr. Morgan Shuster, who has just published a book, "The Strangling of Persia," to show exactly how, when and why that unfortunate kingdom was sacrificed to the "legitimate ambitions" of Russia. Mr. Shuster, as our readers will doubtless remember, was financial adviser to the Persian Government for some time, and can claim to speak with authority

* * *

Prophecies Fulfilled

THE publication of Mr. Morgan Shuster's book on Persia should induce even the most cynical to shed a tear when they reflect on the fate of that unhappy kingdom, and what might have been—had European finance not been European finance. For the oppression of Persia by small, totally inadequate loans at an exorbitant rate of interest would now seem to be complete. Our leading newspapers are beginning to discuss the extent of the English Protectorate—the Russians having kindly settled their part of the business long ago—and exactly what form it is to take. A week or so ago Professor Browne's photographs of the Russian atrocities at Tabriz startled public opinion somewhat till it was assured by half the Press that the Professor's facts are always open to suspicion—a not unfunny comment in the circumstances, especially considering that every prophecy Professor Browne made two or three years ago as to the subsequent trend of events in Persia has turned out to be absolutely correct. And even from the purely selfish point of view there is the question of the safety of India. Truly a page of history of which our diplomacy has little reason to be proud!

MORE MEMOIRS BY LADY DOROTHY NEVILL

Lady Dorothy Nevill, who two years ago published her memoirs, entitled "Under Five Reigns," is bringing out another work, edited by her son, bearing the title of "My Own Time"

* * *

"Box and Cox" at St. Moritz

TO the average Englishman St. Moritz stands for the Mecca of winter sportships, combined with all the rigours of a grand hotel. That only shows how successfully, if properly managed, we contrive to play "Box and Cox" with the rest of Europe. For of late years it has during the dog days become the favourite rendezvous of cosmopolitan rank and fashion, where those who have undergone the interior renovation of the Carlsbad "cure" put their rehabilitation to the test. For what is the good of being "cured" except to relapse into your former gastronomic indiscretions? Consequently, if in winter St. Moritz means the strenuous life, during its season proper it is the paradise of the slacker. A ten o'clock concert is too early for its genuine *habitués*. A jaunt (by rail) to the Samaden links or over the Bernina Pass to the Palu Glacier, or a trip (by motor-boat) over the lake to Maloggia represents its more strenuous athletic pastimes. The rest of the world is content to sip its coffee at the dairy on the shores of the lake.

* * *

The Rendezvous of Europe

THE season is now in full swing. All the big hotels are too small. Last season, with its heat wave, was a record; this year, with snow powdering the forest walks, is going to beat it. The crowd is more cosmopolitan than ever. Diplomacy and high politics as represented by Selim Pasha, Count Mensdorff Pouilly, and the Austrian Premier, rub shoulders with high finance as embodied in the Rothschilds, the Vanderbilts, and the Gunsbourgs. French, German, Italian, Russian, and Austrian notabilities are as common as bilberries. Dukes are two a penny. Yet, glancing through the list of "cure guests" the patriotic Bystander will not recognise an English name of more moment than that of an amiable and popular Suffragan Bishop! Will Europe think that

Ought We to Build an Ark?

AUGUST FLOOD-SCENES IN THE COUNTRY

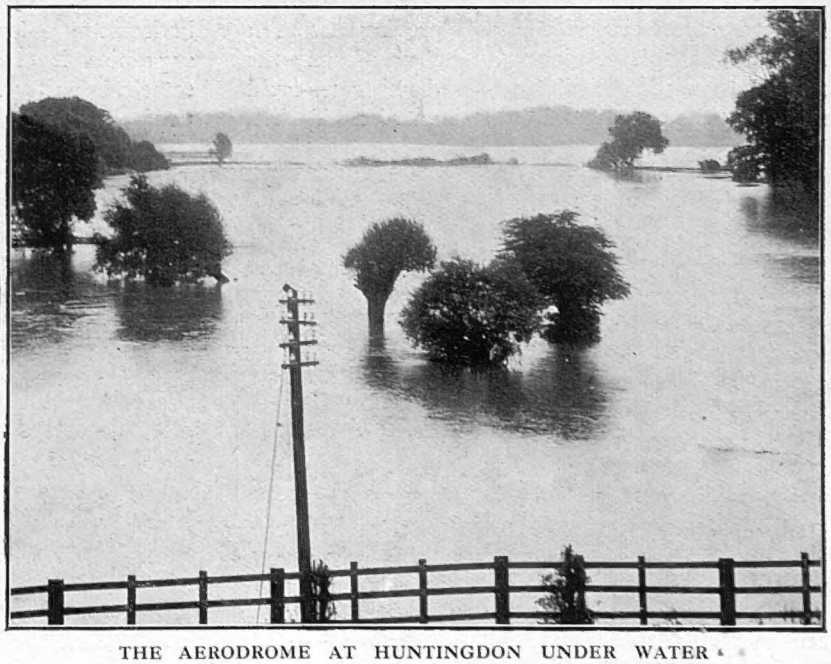
A FLOODED STREET SCENE IN A MIDLAND VILLAGE

DELIVERING BREAD AT ALCONBURY, NEAR HUNTINGDON

RUINED HARVESTS: FLOODED FIELDS NEAR MANCHESTER

THE PLEASURES OF CYCLING

Floods on the Great North Road, near Peterborough



THE AERODROME AT HUNTINGDON UNDER WATER

A scene that should please those aviators who have been devoting their attention to the perfecting of the new aero-hydroplane—a machine for use in the air or on water

From all parts of the country comes the same tale of desolation. Ruined crops, flooded villages and interrupted traffic on roads and railways. In some cases all hope of saving the hay has now been abandoned, and the farmers have given it away to make litters for pigs

Do We Want a National Mausoleum?

our aristocracy is already ruined by the Budget and the Insurance Act?

***

"Lord Lloyd George"

AMONG "the English statesmen" who are taking their cure at Marienbad this year are, according to the *Neue Freie Presse*, "Lord Lloyd George, Judge Sir Roland Vaughan-Williams, Solicitor-General Sir Rufus Isaacs, Master of the Stables Sir Sidney Greville, Master of the Ceremonies Sir Arthur Welsh, etc., etc." How our old Celtic aristocracy do hang together!

***

General Booth—

THE BYSTANDER would wish to add his tribute of respect to the memory of General Booth. Had he done nothing else, he would have deserved well of his fellow-men by proving that even the latter half of the nineteenth century—surely the most materialistic period of the world's history—could not resist the ardour and enthusiasm of an idealist. But the suggestion of several newspapers that he should be buried in Westminster Abbey seems to me absurd. If we want a national Mausoleum—and I rather think we do—let us build one and not try and pretend that the Anglican Church already supplies the need. As it is, to try and do honour to a Great Heretic by burying him in the most orthodox manner possible would be about as ridiculous as to place a statue of Mrs. Eddy in the library of the Royal College of Surgeons.

Photograph Mr. Bramwell Booth *Mills*

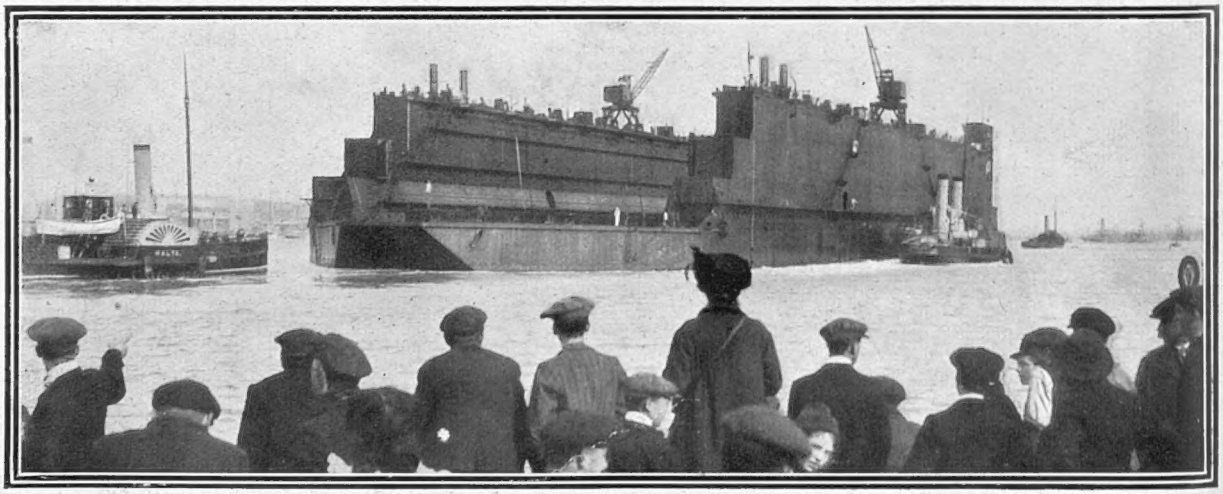
SALVATION ARMY'S NEW LEADER

Mr. Bramwell Booth, with his staff, who was nominated by the late "General" Booth as his successor in a paper which was placed under seal with the Army's solicitor some 20 years ago. The eldest son of the General, Mr. Booth has been Chief of the Staff for more than 25 years

***

—And Mahomet

TALKING about General Booth reminds me of a friend who not only professed to know a good deal about the Salvation Army, but was a keen student of comparative religions. He used to say that nobody ever realised to what extent the General was indebted to Mrs. Booth for the best of his ideas, and he insisted that since her death the inspiration of the Army had sunk to a lower level. And, I remember, he went on to remark, how parallel were the careers of General Booth . . . and Mahomet, of all people in the world! The attitude of the orthodox Wesleyans reminded him of the opposition of the Koreish to the Prophet, the Flight from Mecca had its counterpart in Booth's migration from Gateshead, and so on. Most striking of all was his comparison of Mrs. Booth with Kadijah, the faithful wife of the Prophet, who took down most of the Koran at his dictation. Further, he pointed out that the later Suras, "revealed" after her death, were distinctly inferior to the earlier ones. I give his opinion—in both matters—for what it is worth, but the implied suggestion is certainly remarkable. Why does not somebody write a book on the Influence of Women on the Religions of the World?



ARRIVAL OF THE WORLD'S LARGEST FLOATING DOCK AT PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR LAST WEEK

This dock was constructed at Birkenhead by Messrs. Cammell, Laird and Co. for the accommodation of super-Dreadnoughts. Its length is about 700 feet, its width at the entrance about 150 feet, while its lifting capacity is 32,000 tons. The side walls are 66 feet high on the outside, and rise 46½ feet above the pontoon that supports the whole structure. Four powerful tugs towed it from Birkenhead, and high winds, heavy seas, and the unwieldy character of the dock made the work difficult and slow

In the Dress of Her Country

Photograph *Lallie Charles*

A NEW PHOTOGRAPH OF COUNTESS NADA TORBY

A younger daughter of the Grand Duke Michael of Russia, who made a morganatic marriage in 1891 with Sophie, Countess of Merenberg. The ducal family is becoming more and more identified with things English, as is emphasised by the fact that the Grand Duke holds the office of High Steward of Newcastle-under-Lyme

The Inadequacy of the Insurance Act

SOME DIRECTIONS IN WHICH IT IS LIKELY TO BE DEVELOPED

BY "DOWNWRITER"

HAVING succeeded thus far, surely Mr. Lloyd George will not stand still? If a nation is to be fatalised, it must be fatalised thoroughly, not to the tune of a mere sixpence a week, and the health of our domestic servants must not be the only thing we are compelled officially to worry ourselves about. The Insurance Act must be but the first of the tentacles of the Red Tape octopus. Every other conceivable type of risk must be ultimately enmeshed. The central body must grow bigger and bigger, until it dwarfs the world itself, and coiling its feelers round us must be an army of officials as numerous as the nation. Verily I see before me a prospect where we shall all be Insurance Officials: we shall all be not only licking our own stamps, but seeing that our neighbours lick theirs.

Illness? What is it but one of the many evil things that may befall us as we go our way? Are there not thousands of us who have never even seen a doctor save socially, and yet any one of us may at any moment be knocked over by a motor-'bus? What are Mr. George's plans for National Accident Insurance? Having seen to our domestic and other employées' health—done our Monday morning "stampede," why not then compel us all to stamp a book on our own account lest something happen to us from a motor-'bus, a bicycle, a falling brick-bat, a thunderbolt or lightning flash, fire, riot, murder, the Suffragettes, or—what is a far more natural contingency in these days of progress and civilisation—suicide?

It is my desire to see not mere cards served out to us all, but that every man should keep a library of Insurance cards. Monday morning is a time at which many of us, having that tired feeling which follows on observance of the British Sabbath, would positively welcome some enforced occupation, and it might as well be stamp-licking.

Post-Offices will be colossal institutions, and as each of us wait our turn to buy our stamps, we shall have, at the state expense, a smoking and reading-lounge, and, perhaps, all the advantages of a first-rate club. So shall we get to like the Post-Office that it will be found difficult to entice us away from it. At the expense of the ratepayer (who will *he* be by the way?) there will in due course be added Turkish baths, gymnasia, a cinema, and who knows what other aids to the process of waiting to lick your stamps. In the centre, ever damp and ever revolving, will be the central damper, so that we shall not really be licking the stamps at all, but merely dabbing them.

SCENE IN THE POST-OFFICE OF THE FUTURE

All luxuries while you wait, and a central damper for stamp moistening By G. L. Stampa

Governments will grow popular and win the votes of the electorate according to the novelty and number of their ideas for fresh Insurance schemes. It being the ultimate aim of every good citizen to become an official of the Post-Office (the only chance of employment left to us), we shall welcome rather than deplore such new schemes. Further, part of our spare time from stamp-sticking will be spent in drafting fresh ones. We shall live in a state of imagining risks. Long ago shall we have got beyond regarding mere

Will There Be a Nerves Insurance Scheme?

physical disability as a thing to be worried about. Illness and accident entitling us to free upkeep at the hands of the State, we shall positively welcome them. Famine and fever will no longer be dread spectres in the wigwam of the State-insured Hiawatha: they will be angels of light. We shall worship Ailments, and out of this worship will come a new Paganism. The new poets will rhapsodise no more about Perseus and Andromeda, but about Typhus and Diphtheria. It will not be Nisus and Scylla, but Phthisis and Sciatica. That which brings you free upkeep will certainly no longer be a subject of dread, but of delight, and for our Evil Spirits we shall need to look elsewhere than among the Bacilli.

Already some of us are beginning to find in our various mental symptoms greater cause for perturbation than in our physical. We are thinking more of the things that get on our nerves than those that get into our blood. In place of the Bacillus, we are making evil out of the Bore. To be bored is growing far worse an evil than to be ill. When Health and Accident Insurance has been worked out so that we have stamped our cards against all possible physical contingencies, a new Lloyd George will arise who will wage war on the Dragon of Ennui. He will go to Limehouse, or Kennington, and tell us that the multitude needs to be saved, at its own expense, from Things that Annoy It. Statistics will be compiled of the things that regularly annoy and get on the nerves of nearly everybody. I shall find my own case cleverly categorised. I am annoyed by gramophones, golf-talkers, certain newspapers, by the weather, by Pessimist Politicians, by Military Experts, by Statisticians, Free Traders, Sunday Trippers, Schoolmasters, and Snobs. The Super-George will have thought of this, and a National Nerve Insurance Act will be initiated. I shall stick stamps (quite a new set this time, with new cards), and every time I find myself seriously depressed after an encounter with any of the nuisances categorised in the schedule, I shall be able to retire from the office and put myself into a well-appointed Nerve Sanatorium, in which, ministering to me, will be those who are officially certified as antedotal to the banes that have brought me thereto—trained entertainers, people who play *my* games and agree with *my* politics and general philosophy.

"To be bored is a far worse evil than to be ill"

By G. L. Stampa

It may be urged that National Nerve Insurance would be in no sense a working-class measure, that that class have not as yet acquired nerves to any appreciable extent. My answer to this is, first, that it is inconceivable that the principle of State Insurance can continue to be restricted to one class of the community. The occasional eruption into our body politic of a Conservative Government is bound to result in the admission of the middle or even the upper classes to a taste of the rare and refreshing fruit. As to the second point, let my critics not delude themselves that the working-class are not going to have nerves. Let them stake their last penny on it that, once they get their sick-pay made statutory, they are going to be on the look-out for the next kind of pay to get out of the Radical Minister in a hurry. By this time they will be as well-versed in the study of that Black Science, Psychology, as are at present the upper class. The patent medicine quack having been done for by the Health Insurance Act, as I believe he will, there will arrive in the columns of the papers the brain and nerve quack. Just as Society men and women of to-day talk largely about their states of mind, so will the washerwoman of to-morrow. She will, in place of the rheumatiz, have the neurasthiz. She will be found, not with her limbs racked with pain, but her nerves racked with "ongwee": she will "take on." He, her husband, will return from work afflicted with *Weltschmerz* or *Sehnsucht* (words which will, by then, through the nerve-quacks have passed cleverly into popular parlance). After a spell of patent cures for such nervous ailments, there will arise the Nerve Insurance Act. Q.E.D.

Downwriter

From Europe, Asia, PICTOR

Photograph *Cutler*

AN EVENING SCENE NEAR THE PYRAMIDS OF GHIZEH

There is no prize for finding the camel

Photographs

THE KING OF SAXONY DIGGING SAND-CASTLES AT THE NORTH-SEA BATH, JUIST

The proper comment is so obvious and banal that we absolutely refuse to make it

Hoff

THE CROWN-PRINCE OF SAXONY

Presumably also among the sand-castles

Photograph]

"RAFTING" IN BAVARIA

[Kenn

The latest pastime pursued by visitors to the beautiful Isar valley. A charming amusement no doubt, but one we do not wish to se popularised on the Thames

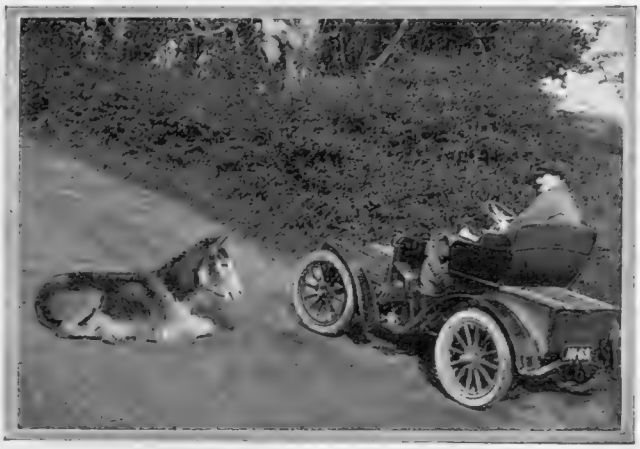
ALITIES

Africa and America

Photographs

OBSTRUCTIONS ON THE ROAD NEAR KANDY, CEYLON

We imagine that the island is not specially recommended to motorists



Chichester

NOT IN CEYLON THIS TIME, BUT IN CO. KERRY, IRELAND

Same comments as before

THE LATEST ACQUISITION TO THE JOYS OF THE METROPOLIS

A zebra used by an enterprising gentleman in the streets of South London—but without any idea of advertisement, of course

A GIANT STURGEON, 13 FT. 6 IN. LONG, CAUGHT RECENTLY IN THE RIVER FRASER, B.C.

A fish this size, so we are informed, gives about 75 lbs. of caviare—the genuine Russian kind, needless to say

Photograph]

THE START FOR A CAMEL-RACE AT LUNA PARK, PARIS

[Harlingue

The fact that the camel is known as the "Ship of the Desert," suggests unpleasant consequences to its riders should they be bad sailors. Perhaps that is why the photograph was taken at the start and not at the finish

London Nights Entertainments

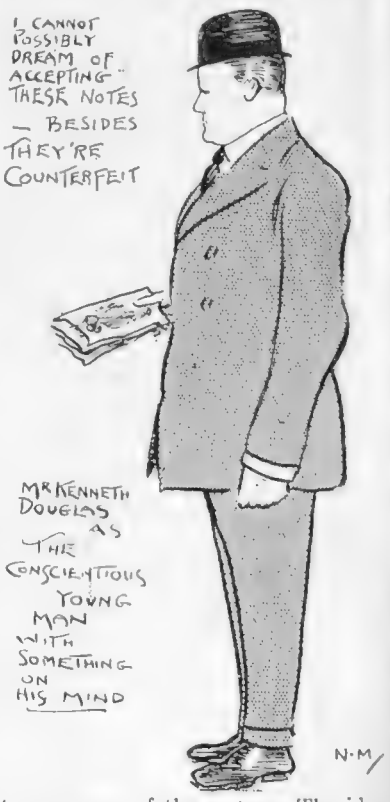
BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

"READY MONEY" AT THE NEW THEATRE

THE title of this very amusing play is well-chosen because most people, even if they have no ready money themselves, like to be near it. The story is based upon the well-known principle in the commercial world that the appearance of wealth is all that is necessary for securing credit. An expert financier once explained to me that he had kept the sum of one thousand pounds at his bankers for many years, and did not pay his debts until he was compelled to do so. When he wanted credit, his bankers were prepared to certify that he was a substantial person, and he got credit accordingly. The bankers had no chance of knowing that their client was already in debt to an amount considerably in excess of his balance with themselves. I am not, of course, a man of business, and am, therefore, probably not expected to appreciate the delicate subtlety of this arrangement; but I remember that it impressed me at the time as being very high finance indeed. The story of *Ready Money* is founded on the sound principles advocated by my financial friend; and the pathetic feature of the play is that we enjoyed it so much that we had no time to stop and think that we were sympathising gloriously with forgery and fraud on a deplorably extensive scale.

Stephen Baird is a young financier in New York. His assets are a worthless gold mine (called the "Sky Rocket"), and ten cents in hard cash. He is, indeed, in such a tight corner financially that when the lady to whom he is engaged comes to him to return the ring he gave her he accepts the situation philosophically, realising that he will at least be able to raise a little hard cash on the sentimental trinket. As it happens, however, the young lady repents of her project before it is too late. She comes to the conclusion that it would be cruel to forsake her lover when he is down in the world, and replaces the ring on her finger, to the young man's obvious disappointment and also to the uproarious amusement of the house. The real fun begins when Mr. Jackson Ives comes on the scene like a sort of Mephistopheles to the young man's Faust. Mr. Ives is a forger of the most expert kind. He claims to be a genuine artist at the work; and on one occasion he protested with real emotion that he could make very much better paper money than that issued by the Government of the United States itself.

Ives hands to Stephen Baird a roll of thousand-dollar notes. They are attractive and artistic productions, but they have the dismal fault of being forgeries. It is not proposed that Baird should attempt



to pass any of the notes. The idea is that if he will only let people see them, everyone will be clamouring to be let in on the ground floor, as they say in City circles, in respect of Baird's commercial undertakings. The prophecy proves to be correct. Baird is there with the roll of notes in his hands when his investing friends come in. They will not give him time to explain how he got all that money. They literally fall over one another in their anxiety to offer

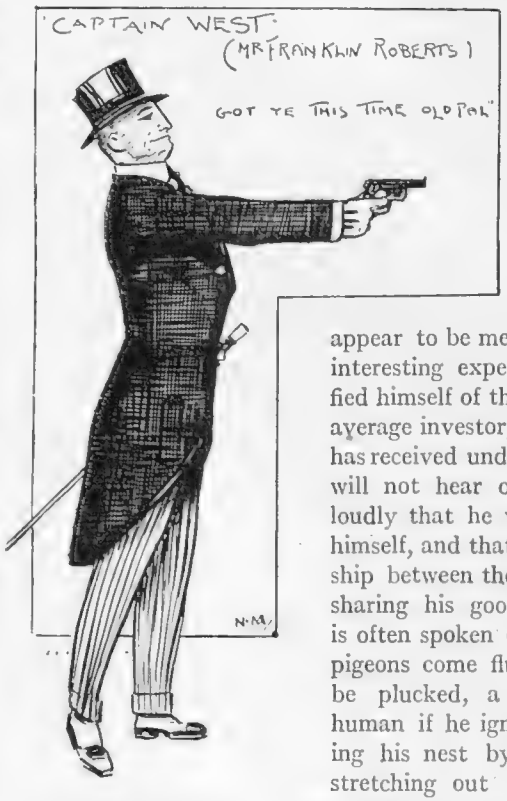
him cheques for shares in his mining venture, and his credit is established at once. Still, Baird is a fairly honest man, as financiers go in these hustling times, and he cannot persuade himself to take the money of his friends to bolster up a worthless mine. Therefore he keeps the cheques in hand waiting for an opportunity of returning them to their donors. Meanwhile, by the usual law of coincidences, and in accordance with the well-known rule that fact is a greater stranger than fiction, or whatever it is, the "Sky Rocket" gold mine actually does take a turn for the better, and Baird is ultimately in a position to give his supporters value for their money.

There is, of course, no need to discuss the ethics of such a play seriously. Reduced to cold practical terms, such a discussion might involve the use of hard words; but the story is told so brightly and so wittily that we remember it only for its lighter side. Still, it must not be imagined that Jackson Ives and Stephen Baird have it their own way all the time. The police have been after Mr. Ives for many years; indeed, one of the reasons he has for giving Baird the forged notes is that he does not wish to have them found on himself at a particular moment. Such a catastrophe would be all that is necessary to secure his conviction. The chase by the police is most exciting.

The very smart detectives, convinced that Baird is a confederate, lay all sorts of traps for him, and he falls into them with a well-ordered regularity—only, however, to fall out of them again by the surprising ingenuity of the author. On one occasion Baird gives himself away with pathetic completeness; and it seems as if nothing short of a miracle can rescue him from the arm of the law. Instead of a miracle, however, the author employs a simple device, which is all the more amusing because it occurs so naturally and without the least strain on the probabilities. Everybody is acquainted with the strangely sympathetic attitude usually adopted, even by right-thinking people, towards the criminal who is beset by the hounds of justice. It is, I believe, put down to the sporting element in our nature. We think

the criminal is very wicked—but we cannot help hoping that the policeman will not catch him.

That is the attitude to be adopted in respect of *Ready Money*. The humour of the telling is so complete that you may safely laugh at wrong-doing without the conviction that you are a moral outcast and a ruthless scoffer at social morality. The New York police, too, practically invite derision in their defeat. They are so tremendously cocksure of success that their failure seems to be very properly in accord with the spirit of the biblical dictum concerning the abasement of him that exalteth himself. The cream of the humour is kept for the last act, when the forger is finally run to earth and is found with the incriminating notes upon him. This time surely he cannot escape. The facts, however, are quite otherwise. The police "expert," on examining the alleged forgeries explains to his chief with a dropping jaw that they are "the real stuff." We infer, then, that Mr. Jackson Ives has been playing a tremendous joke on the police—and, incidentally, on the audience—by carrying real money about with him; and it is quite amusing to watch the crestfallen retreat of the police officers. But, as is only natural in this play of surprises, our inference has been wrong. As soon as the police have turned their backs, Mr. Ives, with a justifiable sigh at the destruction of his rare works of art, tears the notes to pieces with the brief explanation that they are such good imitations that they have deceived even the wily police authorities. And, of course, as the unities of time and place require, he promises to lead a better life for the future.



The weight of the play is borne by Mr. Allan Aynesworth, as the expert forger, and Mr. Kenneth Douglas, as the broken-down financier. Mr. Douglas has, indeed, the larger part of the two, and he plays it extremely well. The light farcical humour of the first portion of the play suits Mr. Douglas's style admirably, and he handles the characteristically American jokes with a languid air that improves their pungency by the force of contrast. By an adroit handling of the character, Baird is made to appear to be merely using the forged notes as an interesting experiment. As soon as he has satisfied himself of the extraordinary gullibility of the average investor, he wishes to return the money he has received under false pretences; but his dupes will not hear of such a course. They protest loudly that he wants to keep a good thing to himself, and that he owes it to the long friendship between them to give them a chance of sharing his good fortune. The smart financier is often spoken of in harsh terms, but when the pigeons come fluttering round and clamouring to be plucked, a financier would be less than human if he ignored the opportunity of feathering his nest by the simple process of merely stretching out his hand. The love element in the piece is very slight. All that the ladies have to do, for the most part, is to come on the stage and be hugged for a moment, after which they are led off, as their demonstrations of affection are naturally a disturbing element in the severe world of business. If *Ready Money* does not take the fancy of the town, Londoners must indeed be hard to please.

JINGLE

THE MOST THRILLING SITUATION (TO SOME MINDS)
PENNILESS YOUNG MAN REFUSING GOOD MONEY !

ANOTHER ACTRESS-MANAGERESS

Photograph *Rita Martin*

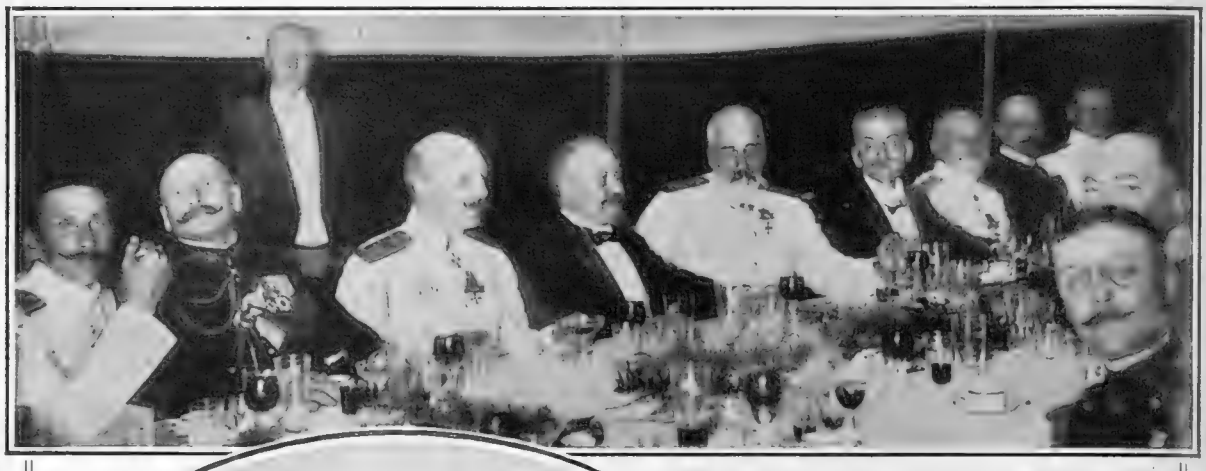
MISS HILDA TREVELYAN

Who will be associated in management with Mr. Edmund Gwenn at the Vaudeville Theatre, where she will start in her new capacity with the production of "Little Miss Llewelyn," an English version of "Le Mariage de Mlle. Beulemans," on Saturday

Consolidating the Triple Entente

SCENES OF THE FRENCH PREMIER'S RECENT VISIT TO RUSSIA

M. Poincaré



AT THE BANQUET IN HONOUR OF M. POINCARÉ

WATCHING THE PARADE

Glancing at the first photograph, "The Bystander" cannot help being struck by the great difference in appearance between M. Poincaré and the two distinguished Russians on his right and left. In many ways the contrast is curiously symbolical of the Franco-Russian alliance—surely one of the most striking cases in history of the meeting of extremes. For the French Republic is the personification of the "bourgeois," as the Russian Empire is of the aristocrat. We hope that M. Sazonoff, when he visits us shortly, will find us a pleasant half-way house between the two

Photographs *Bulla*

THE TSAR LEAVING THE PARADE GROUND AT THE KRASNOE SELO

The Bystander IN BERLIN

BERLIN'S FIGHT FOR A SWIMMING-BATH

HERR POLICE-PRESIDENT VON JAGOW is indomitable.

Prohibition

Herr von Jagow is Berlin's Lépine. Only he in no way resembles Lépine. M. Lépine makes war on Anarchists, and Herr v. Jagow makes war on everything. Since he reached his high office in 1909 he has done nothing but check and forbid. He has prohibited everything except Prohibition. The beer-shops alone have flourished. And now he has prohibited a swimming-bath, and has ignored the wishes of the Crown Prince himself.

12,000 Swimmers

BERLIN does everything in a big way. Its dance halls, kine-theatres, rinks are all on a gigantic scale; and it now wants a big swimming-bath. A syndicate resolved to start one in salubrious Wilmersdorf, a south-western suburb. The bath was to cost £250,000. The bath "consortium," as Germans say, bought up opposite Wilmersdorf Rathouse no less than 12,000 square metres of land for the bath. How much is 12,000 square metres the Berlin Bystander doesn't know; and it is too hot to figure out. But he estimates that the superficies of an average swimmer is one square metre. The bath would, therefore, suffice for 12,000 swimmers of average figure, or, allowing for the fact that the swimmers are Berliners, say for 2,700.

TO COMMEMORATE A GREAT VICTORY

A colossal monument which is being erected at Leipzig to commemorate the centenary of the defeat of Napoleon by the Allies in 1813. The cost of the memorial will be about £300,000

Still Hope

WILMERSDORF Municipality agreed to give financial backing, and the local Police-President approved. But Herr Jagow, though not Police-President in Wilmersdorf, has certain powers there; and he said "No." People reminded him that Dresden, Strasburg, and all the European capitals have big swimming-baths. Herr Jagow said "No." The "consortium" decided to make a judicial appeal. Here they may win. When Herr v. Jagow prohibited the wearing of hats in theatres, even in boxes, on the ground that this would endanger public order, the theatre people appealed; and they beat Herr v. Jagow. So Wilmersdorf may have its swimming-bath.

Police Dictation

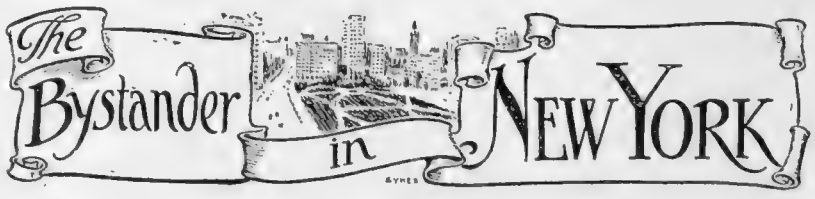
HERR v. JAGOW'S reason for refusing to agree to the swimming-bath gives a good idea of the discretionary omnipotence of Prussian administrators. The reason given is that Berlin does not need any more places of recreation. On this delicate question a police officer is allowed to dictate. In such proposals thousands of persons are interested: the "consortium," the shareholders, the would-be swimmers, the whole system of private finance. There are a thousand reasons for a swimming-bath, and no doubt a thousand reasons against. But the deciding authority in this hundred-sided problem is the police administration, which in other countries exists, not to weigh economic interests, but to keep order and to catch rogues.

GERMANY'S NEWEST INVENTION: A MECHANICAL TOWING DEVICE

From Germany comes yet another useful invention in the form of an electrical towing locomotive, here seen in operation on a canal. The ingeniousness of the machine chiefly lies in the fact that it is specially designed to avoid interference with the ordinary road traffic, which can pass beneath it

Wiser than the Wisest

THERE is no reason to think that the Prussian police know anything about finance or about swimming-baths, or about the moral and physical effects of an abundance of places of recreation. On these matters the wisest men dispute. But the police are assumed to be wiser than the wisest. True, there is an appeal from their decrees; but the appeal is only on the question of law, and if the courts decide that Herr v. Jagow has power to forbid a swimming-bath, they will not interfere with his use of the power. The Berlin Swimming League, which has forty-six affiliated associations and 30,000 members, has mobilised against Herr v. Jagow. The Crown Prince is its President. However, Prussia is an orderly land, where Crown Princes do not count compared with Police-Presidents. One is in office, and the other is only a reversionary. And the man in office counts. Especially when prohibiting.



AMERICAN BUSINESS METHODS EXPOSED

I WAS talking to a young butcher the other day. I foregathered with him at Coney Island, which, as everybody knows, is the American Blackpool and Earl's Court and White City and lots of other places all rolled into one. I happened to occupy the next seat to him on the Giant Racer, which is an exaggerated form of switchback—no doubt they have one at Shepherd's Bush also—and our mutual agonies paved the way to mutual confidencies. He was a very clean young butcher, and very smartly dressed; he had money in his pocket, and he was very happy. Later in the evening, over a "Clam Bake" dinner, which is a speciality of Coney Island, he explained the reason of his happiness: he had just carried out an important stroke of "business," and had received his employer's thanks and monetary reward.

Excellent Profit

THE stroke of business was this. My friend was employed as salesman by a large butcher in Brooklyn, which may be generalised as the Canonbury of New York carried to its logical conclusion. Now, your American butcher sells not only beef and mutton, but also poultry, sauerkraut, sausages, and general delicatessen. My friend's employer, who was of the Jewish faith, recently invested in several barrels of chickens—they wholesale them by the barrel in New York. They were a little the worse for wear, or, as my friend, who was of Belgian origin, put it, "they smell—oh, how they smell"—("smell" was not his exact word, by the way)—and had accordingly been acquired at a very great reduction. This in itself was an excellent stroke of business, for the cost of the chemicals necessary to disguise the smell was almost nil, and the resultant profit, even allowing for those so far gone as to be unsaleable, and which could accordingly only be used for sausages or otherwise disguised, would be somewhere around 200 per cent.

An Unforseen Difficulty

BUT an unforseen difficulty arose. In the absence of the proprietor an inspector entered the shop. Only one of the assistants happened to be forward—a raw youth from Sweden. He rashly endeavoured to beguile the inspector by false avowals, and disaster hovered over Brooklyn. Fortunately, in the nick of time, which is to say when the inspector had already routed the offending fowls out of their lurking-place, guided, I suppose, by the smell, my friend Jules came upon the scene. The inspector had already produced from his pocket the bottle containing some inky fluid with which to besprinkle the chickens, and thus render them unsaleworthy in the meantime. But Jules was before him. Recognising the necessity for prompt action, he rushed to the cash-register, took from it a ten-dollar bill, and, in his own words, "slipped it to the guy." The guy—which is to say inspector—pocketed it gracefully, expressed his gratification at their auspicious meeting, and so departed. When the proprietor returned he was so delighted to learn of Jules prompt action that he presented him with five dollars on the spot, and promised him an increased salary at the earliest possible moment.

All Parties Satisfied

FINDING me duly sympathetic, M. Jules proceeded to enlarge more widely upon "business" in general and the arts of meat-salesmanship in particular. What he told me decided me to remain a strict vegetarian in future, in New York, at any rate, but that by the way. When I expressed surprise that it was possible to be consistently scoundrelly, even in New York, without, sooner or later, inviting the attention of the authorities, he laughed aloud. He explained to me how the meat-inspection difficulty is arranged to the satisfaction of all parties concerned. The traders and the inspectors have each a private association, and to them all disputed points are submitted. There is a regular tariff, more than which no inspector is allowed to demand. If he do so the offended trader reports him to his association, and he is at once expelled. On the other hand, if a trader in any way offend against either his own or the inspector's association he may look out for trouble. The subsidy—approximately ten dollars a visit—appears rather high, but so are the profits to be obtained from retailing rotten meat at standard prices—and, in any case, the public pays for all. As to any prospect of a termination of these idyllic conditions, the inspectors are appointed by political influence—so there is no more to be said. When at last we parted at Brooklyn Bridge he wrung my hand reluctantly, and his farewells included one phrase which gave me furiously to think, as he would have said in his own language. "After all," he reflected, "I suppose it is just the same in England." I wonder if it is. O. M. H.

Odds and Ends at Homburg

Mr. Haselden, who has not spent London in August as advised in our last issue, but has visited Homburg instead, seems, judging from his sketch, to have returned somewhat disappointed with the much-advertised attractions of this well-known Spa

NEW AND EXCLUSIVE DESIGNS FASHIONED IN THE TECLA *ATELIER.*

AMERICA AT THE SEASIDE

generally content themselves with embroidered collars and cuffs—a nice distinction. The bathing-dress of the American woman seems, on the whole, to combine the minimum of convenience with the maximum of suggestiveness—but perhaps we have evil minds.

There are no bathing-machines, no cabins. There are no beach entertainments of any sort. There is no rowdiness. The spirit of propriety broods over beach and bathers. The only outlet for exuberance is, apparently, by drowning—and we believe there is a heavy fine for that.

IS the American nation as modest as it appears to be, or, let us speak softly, is its virtue of so precarious a variety as to be endangered by the spectacle of feminine shins honestly bared to sun and water? All along the American seaboard, from Maine to Florida, stockings or tights are *de rigueur*. At every seaside resort a special body of police patrols the sands, endowed with full powers of censorship over clothes and morals. "Spooning" (we quote from police regulations) is banned, and so are bathing-suits cut above the knee—this applies to both sexes. The sumptuary laws are, however, with this exception, confined to women only.

The bathers fall into three categories: those who stroll, those who bob up and down in pairs knee-deep at the water's edge, and the few adventurous souls who brave the perils of the deep. When one sees a girl with a stiff, tailor-made figure, wonderfully arrayed in a bathing-dress of pea-green taffetas with guimpe and sailor collar of lace, especially if she boast a parasol and reticule to match, instinct tells one that she belongs to the first category. It is true that many damsels carry their tailor-made figures to an alarming extreme, even into the water, but these

THREE TYPICAL AMERICAN BATHING SCENES, SHOWING THE REGULATION COSTUMES WORN BY BOTH SEXES

"MATINÉE D'ÉTÉ": FROM T

PAINTING BY R. DU GARDIER

MATTERS MUSICAL

MAINLY ABOUT THE "PROMS."

FOR any musician of tendencies at all progressive it is difficult to be enthusiastic about the programmes of the Promenade Concerts. If there are two countries whose music is really interesting at the present moment, they are England and France—and it is just those two countries which are so poorly represented at the Queen's Hall. Of course, I shall be told that modern French and English music does not "draw." I am perfectly aware of it; but how much money did Tchaikowsky attract to the box-office in the early days of Sir Henry Wood's crusade on his behalf? In all artistic matters it is almost true to say that the supply creates the demand as much as the demand the supply. There are, of course, obvious limits to this truth, but it is, nevertheless, a real one. Further, even from a strictly business point of view, it is as well to cast your net as wide as possible. The more fish you can catch the better, and if some of the fish prove too expensive you can always gently let them slide back into the sea again. But the more kinds you experiment with, the more you try to popularise, the greater is your reserve when the time of scarcity comes. To anybody who doubts the importance of these two wonderful discoveries I commend the hard case of London theatre-managers, now suffering from progressive paralysis owing to their inability to appreciate it.

Photograph *Murmann Studies*

ONE OF THE ADVANTAGES OF HAVING NO CHAIRS

A typical pose from M. Theador Kosloff's production of "Scheherazade" at the Coliseum

Cavilling

And quite apart from the monotonous dose of Beethoven's Overture to "Egmont" and Händel's Largo and similar masterpieces, there are other flaws about the Promenades. A strong sense of duty took me to a Wagner night last week. And I came away convinced that much of Sir Henry Wood's interpretation of Wagner is—well, shall we say, not exactly likely to appeal to a purist. He is very good in some things of course, for instance the Prelude to *Lohengrin*, Act III., or the Entrance of the Gods into Walhal'a. In brilliant excerpts like these the amazing technical ability of himself and his orchestra, their vitality and their precision, almost carries one away. But in the quieter things it is different. *Traüme* was so exaggeratedly soft that sometimes I did not know whether the band was playing or not! And the hopeless sentimentality of the Introduction to Act III. of *The Meistersinger!* I can bear with Sir Henry's version of the Overture to *Tannhäuser*—curiously enough, he is really good in the splendid Venusberg music specially re-written for the Paris Opera—because I am not in the least interested in the mentality of Venus, or Tannhäuser, or the pilgrims, or, indeed, anybody in that dreary opera. Musically, Tannhäuser and Elizabeth can hold each other's hand and Venus promise to be a sister to both of them, for all I care. But with *The Meistersinger* it is different. Hans Sachs is essentially the philosopher in music and the most lovable of men. To hear his *rêverie* interpreted (at a ridiculously slow tempo) as a kind of maudlin recollection of a lot of mild love affairs is more than one can be expected to bear without a protest.

The Important Point

Still, in spite of all this disgruntled peevishness, the "Proms." are really splendid. How does it matter what we specialists think when, as on last Monday night, six or seven thousand people are ready to sit or even stand, and in all cases to *pay* (ah! the importance of that little verb!) to listen to two hours of good music! They overflowed into the passages, they sat on the hot-water pipes, above all they trampled on my feet—but just before the beginning of each item you could have heard a pin drop! It was a wonderful sight, and a wonderful tribute to Sir Henry Wood. Whatever his defects, nobody has done so much for music in this country, because nobody else can claim to have originated and popularised anything as important as a Promenade Concert—that is to say, the one musical institution in London which is quite unlike anything else in any other city of the world.

"Scheherazade"

I am afraid that anybody who goes to the Coliseum to renew his friendship with *Scheherazade* will be disappointed. It seems vulgar and trite to say that it is *Scheherazade* in terms of pence instead of shillings, but such exactly was the impression conveyed to me. All the aristocratic quality of the Russian Ballet at Covent Garden is absent. The colouring attempts to rival Bakst's gorgeousness without his appreciation of the value of contrasts; the dancing—except as regards M. Kosloff himself—is untidy; the music begins in the middle of the first movement, and is actually degraded to act as a kind of sandwich for a trivial number interpolated from Heaven knows where.

Making the Best of One's Disadvantages

SCENES OF ORIENTAL LIFE AT THE COLISEUM

Our pictures show various scenes from "Scheherazade," which M. Theodore Kosloff is producing at the Coliseum. Had M. Kosloff produced a little less and danced a little more we should have been better pleased. Striking as he does a happy mean between the virility of Mordkin and the agility of Nijinski, many people consider him the most satisfactory of the Russian male dancers

ONE OF THE ADVANTAGES OF BEING A PRISONER

A young Moorish Prince (M. Michaeloff) shown in both of our photographs beguiling his captivity by the active contemplation of the charms of one of his conqueror's wives (Mlle. Cortnova)

Photographs *Mauremann Studios*

ONE OF THE ADVANTAGES OF THE HAREM SYSTEM

The Sultan Schahriar (M. Boulgakoff) firmly refusing a request of all his wives at one and the same time

Comparisons are Odious

As to the story, in as far as it differed from the version at Covent Garden it was unintelligible, in as far as it agreed it was inferior in execution. The only new touch that I liked was at the end when the Grand Eunuch spurns the prostrate and dying Scheherazade with his foot. That is good; the cowardly sycophancy of the creature is dramatised once and for all. However, I daresay that to those who did not go to Covent Garden the entertainment is pleasing enough. Indeed, it seems so to be, for a large audience applauded M. Kosloff and his colleagues with every sign of enthusiasm. Incidentally, I wonder how long and how often we are going to have plays called *Scheherazade* which have nothing to do with the unfortunate Princess who spent a thousand and one nights in story-telling. She threatens to become a regular Salome—to wit, a peg on which to hang any scene of Oriental debauchery that springs from the imagination of any European. FRANCIS TOYE

THE LOOK OF THINGS

FROM A BYSTANDER'S POINT OF VIEW

THE sun made a sudden appearance at some of our seaside resorts last week, and in view of the possibility of a repetition of this unwonted phenomenon, we strongly advise holiday-makers to have at hand a pair of tinted spectacles.

* * *

These can be worn until the skies resume their normal aspect. Spectacles tinted blue go best with a blue serge bathing costume, and the woman who wishes to look smart will make a point of not forgetting this.

* * *

Mr. Lloyd George is to preside at the Eisteddfod to be held at Wrexham next month. Several bards, we understand, have written odes in celebration of the Insurance Act — an Act, by the way, which it is difficult to do justice to in any language less forcible than the Welsh.

* * *

A deputation is to wait on Mr. Lloyd George at Wrexham with the request that he will preside at a further Eisteddfod which is to be held later in Patagonia. It is not clear whether this deputation will consist of shrewd Englishmen or merely of simple Patagonians.

* * *

Colonel Coston, of Cincinnati, a one-armed golfer, has won an eighteen-hole competition at Bad Nauheim, in Germany. Enthusiasts at this game, who are discontented with their form, would, however, do well to find out which arm the Colonel has lost before they undergo the operation.

* * *

There is, according to the *Daily Mirror*, a pathos attached to jig-saws, as these puzzles are frequently framed and kept as mementos of the last moments of loved ones. Personally, whenever we see any of our loved ones killing themselves over one of these puzzles, we take it away from them at once and break it. We much prefer a decent water-colour.

"SIR, HOW DARE YOU?"

The same journal states that men are becoming as sentimental as women, and even wear gold pendants and lockets, though they are generally "hidden under their clothes." We are rather glad to know that this little virile distinction still remains, though we shall always be wondering now whether the club men we see about haven't got diamond tiaras on as well—hidden, of course, under their tall hats.

* * *

Austria's proposal to give Home Rule to the provinces of Albania and Macedonia has been much resented by the Turkish Government. This only proves how stupid Turkish Ministers are. Our own Government would be only too thankful if some foreign country would give Home Rule to Ireland, and save them all the odium they are likely to get by giving it themselves.

* * *

Apropos of Ireland, September 28 has been fixed as "Ulster Day." This is about as late in the month of September as it very well could have been fixed, for it would never have done to make it coincide with Michaelmas Day—celebrated for the destruction of geese.

* * *

"German delegates have recently come over by invitation to inspect our Garden Cities." We are as glad as anyone to welcome plans for putting the Germans off an invasion of this country, but surely this sort of thing is going a bit too far?

* * *

The latest invention of the versatile Americans is an automatic spanking-machine. Schoolmasters in this country who are in the habit of saying that it pains them to cane a boy as much as it pains the boy to be caned should be glad to hear of this little machine, unless, of course, they believe, as they sometimes seem to do, that pain is good for everybody.

Mermaids and Mere-Men

Photograph *H. W. Nicholls*

SPORT AMONG THE BATHERS AT SANDOWN, ISLE OF WIGHT

Few places on our coasts can boast such beautiful sands as are to be found at Sandown. Stones, which batners find so crippling at many of our seaside resorts, are here conspicuous by their absence, and "headers" can be taken with impunity, even in shallow water, without the danger of coming into contact with anything harder than sand

The Australian Grand National: Steeplechasing Near Melbourne

The Victoria Racing Club held their winter meeting at Flemington, near Melbourne, on July 13 (Steeplechase Day), when the race for the Grand National was won by Mr. P. E. Kearn's Guncap, in the presence of Sir John Fuller (Governor of Victoria) and Lady Fuller, Mr. James Bryce (British Ambassador at Washington, U.S.A.), and other distinguished people. The photograph shows the field taking the stone wall, where two of the horses, Nimrod and Quilatchil, came to grief

A MATTER OF FAITH

By Eleanor Mordaunt

PAST the Line Barracks—that is the last of the English Colony—the road winds up and up. There are no actual peaks, but at length it has climbed so high that we look down on mountain tops, just by the old crater.

Just before it tops the height it forks, one branch passing downward to a little sugar port on the south of the Island; the other winding its way past a coolie village, four miles or more through the wavy green of innumerable canes, to the bungalow of the Monte d'Or Estate, which was my home.

At the fork of the road stood Chi-Shung's shop, triangular-shaped, of grey stone, with an ever-open door, the glow from which was, on dark nights, the one beacon-light for wayfarers over the wild uplands. Chi-Shung had married a coolie woman from the estate below. At first she was a good wife; for she had a child and she loved it. But after a long, lingering illness, during which Chi-Shung would wander, hour by hour, on the hill calling it by name—in hopes that the little spirit might not stray too far away from its home—the child died. And though they strewed ashes, no baby footsteps returned to stir them, and even the tiny ghost came back no more. So that the alien mother, who had watched—half hoping, but never quite believing—that her husband's gods might prove themselves by sparing her child, grew from indifference to mocking.

The baby was not even then one year old; for I remembered well seeing the bow hung outside the little shop door, signifying the birth of a boy, when one crop was more than half cut. And the knife was not yet laid to the first stem of the next when it died, and with it all it's father's joy on earth, and greatest hope of life eternal.

Then the coolie-wife grew restless. "Women," said Chi-Shung, "are but as the wind and the water; one knows not how their thoughts first fly from their husbands, or whither they go; while like water they slip through the hand of him that thinks to hold them."

I had topped the hill one hot January day, and stopped at the forked roads for a drink of the amber clear tea the old man always kept ready in the green jade pot, warm within its wadding-lined basket. But that was all years ago. Still, I remember he was reading, with his great horn-rimmed spectacles on his nose, out of the Kuang-Ming Sutra, that I knew he believed to be endued with the power of relieving all the miseries of the heart. "It is always the same with the Indian women we take to wife," he went on, "for the red thread is not there, and no power can hold those whom it does not bind." For between the true Chinese husband and wife there is believed to be a slender crimson thread which has bound them together, predestinating them one for the other through all the ages.

It was a quaint little shop. There were china vessels of old, old porcelain, and modern English ware of the commonest description. And cotton stuffs from Manchester, and woven silks from Canton. And salt fish, and manioc and sweet potatoes, and pickled eggs, many as old as twenty years. And Swedish matches, out of every box of which Chi-Shung would abstract several, so as to fill one fresh box from each dozen. And freshly killed pork lay under a white cloth—thick with flies—on the counter, into which he had breathed and blown water to increase the weight. For Chi-Shung was a cunning trader, though seeming so mild and gentle a man. Of what age?—of any age, of any dynasty, for he was of a type that has never changed and never will change. And he is no older now, though I have had time to grow grey between the beginning and end of my story.

Still, though he was so mild, whether because the Kuang-Ming Sutra failed to soothe his heart, or the honour of his house—not the triangular shop on the windy hillside, but the graves of his fathers, far away in China—demanded satisfaction; or he loved his coolie-wife near to madness, beneath all his calm, I do not know; but in any case a year after his child's death he murdered the man who all the bazaar knew to be her lover, down among the cane tracks, in the green valley below the forked roads.

Now, the Chinese law is this. A man may kill his wife's lover, but he must kill her also, or it is murder; and in this Chi-Shung had failed. His grievance and his wrongs, however, were so obvious that he escaped hanging, even in the Island—where men may not kill either their own wife or her betrayer—and was imprisoned instead for seven years, a sentence regarded by him with scorn, for, according to his own beliefs, he was clearly wrong, not in killing the man, but in letting his fellow-sinner go free, which weighed heavily upon his own conscience.

For seven years the little shop on the windy hilltop was empty. And riding over those lonely heights on dark, harsh nights, I missed the open door and the yellow light—softened as it had always been by the heat of the shop within and the cold mists of the hilltops—as one might miss the smile of a friend in a far and lonely country. Then one evening the shop was open once more, the door flung wide, while the same row of coolies squatted on their heels, chattering beneath the narrow verandah, and Chi-Shung himself sat behind the counter, spectacles on nose and great book open before him; smiling, with his slow, silent smile, as if it had been but yesterday I had seen him,

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ready even with a trifling account left owing him from seven years before.

The woman had gone back to her own home on the sugar estate, and worked among the canes with the other women, apparently thought little the worse of by them for her infidelities, though no other man seemed ever to seek her company in any way.

Then, one day as I rode through the cane tracks, home from the factory in the quiet twilight, my horse shied to one side, and Chi-Shung's wife, slipping out from among the canes, pressed close to my stirrup.

"The Sahib goes over the hill to-morrow, to Rose-Belle, and so to the Port to draw the wages of those who work among the canes."

"Yes—and what of that?"

"He passes the fingers of the cross-roads and Chi-Shung's shop, there where they part. For the love of thy God, Sahib, give him this packet with thine own hands."

And she pressed into my palm a tiny parcel wrapped round with white silk and tied with a twist of aloe fibre, so small that I could carry it with ease in my waistcoat pocket.

Next day I laid it on the counter before Chi-Shung. Then, as he did not appear to notice it, I placed it on the book out of which he was reading.

"Open it, if thou wilt, Sahib; it is of a woman's tying, and for such I have no use."

So I untied the twist of fibre, and shook out the scrap of silk, and from it fell on the open page of the Kuang-Ming Sutra an olive and a morsel of red tape—a silent plea for forgiveness and reconciliation.

Chi-Shung did not appear to notice what I had done; but that day week, as I again passed his shop on my way to the Port to draw the men's wages, there under a Jack-fruit tree, at the side of the little triangular, grey-stone shop, knelt the coolie woman grinding corn.

Chi-Shung never mentioned his wife to me, while his imperturbable quiet and dignity so effectually quelled any impertinent prying and questioning, that I do not think that even his oldest customers would have had the courage to speak to him of his private affairs.

Then one day, two years later, after a spell of almost intolerable heat, there broke over the Island such a cyclone as I had never before known.

It was my day at the Port. As I left town the wind was blowing in deep, heavy gusts, with intervals of absolute stillness between each. Half an hour later, as I got out at the Rose-Belle station, it had increased to a hurricane, and the station-master was running up the red flag which—on receipt of a telegram from the observatory—gives notice at each station that trains will cease running, and that it behoves every man, woman, and child to keep under shelter, and bar their shutters and bolt their doors; for if the wind once penetrates into the house the roof will surely be lifted off.

Very soon I had to dismount and lead my horse, or I would have been blown from his back, while the noise was such that I could not hear my own voice when I spoke to him. As we mounted higher I could see the sea below, a foaming turmoil of grey and white, and then suddenly the rain began; not in drops, but in a solid blinding sheet, as if the flood-gates of heaven had been opened, while the lightning flashed unceasingly. It must have thundered also, but there was no hearing it with the raging of the wind; while my horse—too terrified to shy or bolt, with ears back and tail close between his legs—pressed to my side for companionship.

On we struggled as if in a terrible dream, fighting for every step we took.

Then the wind stopped—suddenly, absolutely. It was as if some unseen Power had slammed a door on it and shut it back away from the world, which I could almost have believed gave one long shudder of relief and then held its breath before a newer and more mysterious horror—the horror of a great silence.

There, on that wind-distorted highland, not a living creature was in sight, not a leaf, not a blade of grass stirred. The rain had ceased, but the heavy sky bent its dark brows even closer than before. I felt it might fall, crush us to death, suffocate us. Then that it might open and the Last Trump sound, and God's voice of judgment break the stillness, and the very ground beneath my feet give up its dead.

Suddenly came the sound of a human voice raised in a high-pitched shriek, and on an adjoining hillside to the right of me, about a quarter of a mile off, I caught sight of some vivid drapery, close wrapping a woman's figure, silhouetted out against the savage sky. My courage seemed to revive at the sight of a fellow-creature, and shouting back I pulled my horse round and began to cross the rough open ground to go to her.

Next moment, however, the wind broke loose again, now blowing full in my face, shrieking and roaring, tearing at me till I felt literally naked beneath its fury. I called again and again to the woman, but no reply came; then, like a blow, night fell with its thick blackness. My horse swerved to the left, and by some instinct dragged me back to the roadway, and on we went, on and on, and up and up, as I could tell by the rise of the ground beneath me, and the rush of water pouring past my ankles, for the road was like a river by that time.

After what seemed like an eternity, to which I could not even imagine any end, my horse stopped dead and neighed, a strangled neigh. I tried to push him on, but he would not stir, and moving on a little I struck my foot against something, put out my hand, touched wooden bars and panels, and guessed I had reached the door of Chi-Shung's house.

I beat on it and shouted; then, as no answer came, kicked at it and shouted again, at which the bolts were slowly undrawn, a yellow crack of light showed, and Chi-Shung peered out. A moment more and we were inside—both I and my horse, which he led through to the shop. There was a charcoal brazier burning, and the little place was very warm, smelling of incense. The Chinaman stripped off my soaked clothes and massaged me from head to foot, dressed me in wadded garments of his own, gave me hot spirit and water and spice to drink, and then made me a couch beside the brazier on which I drifted off to sleep. A little later I stirred and saw him seated on a stool in front of the glowing charcoal with the Kuang-Ming Sutra open on his knee, and asked him for the first time of his wife; if she was asleep or staying with her own people.

He shut his book, carefully noting the place with a thread of aloe, folded a silk handkerchief round it on his knee, clasped his hands above it and began to speak.

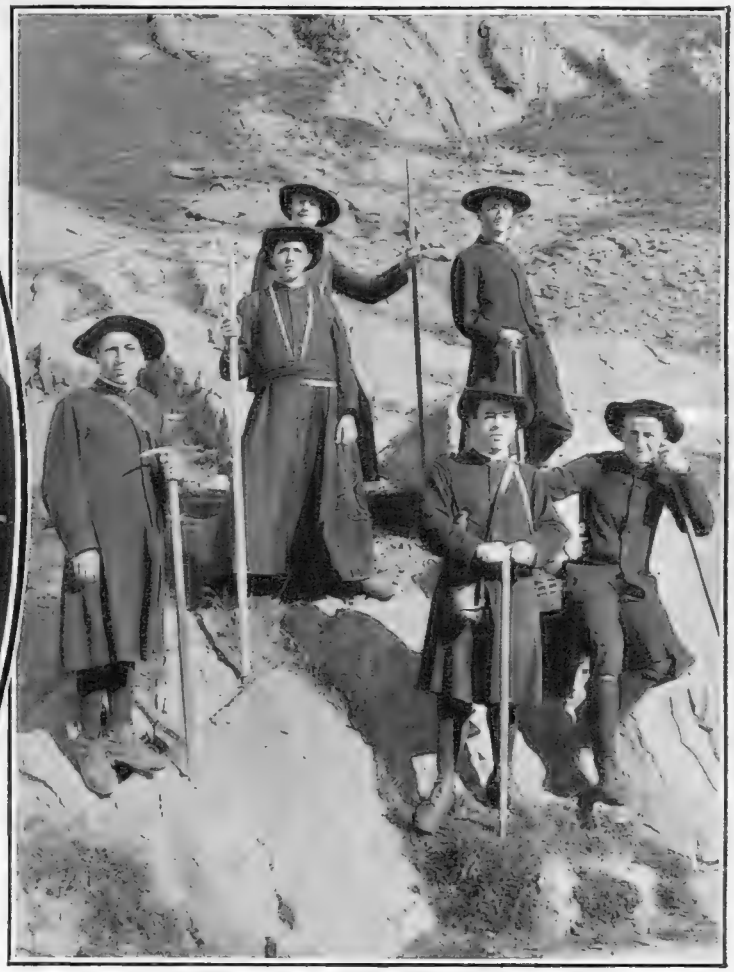
Was it the loosing of all the fury of the elements that had loosed his tongue also? Or was it that, all which he had planned in secret being accomplished, silence

(Continued on page 452)

The Monks of St. Bernard

FOR EIGHT HUNDRED YEARS THE PATRONS OF THE TOURING INDUSTRY IN SWITZERLAND

THE CHIEF MONK WITH ONE OF HIS SHORT-COATED LIFE-SAVING DOGS



OFF-DUTY: A PARTY OF THE ST. BERNARD MONKS ON A MOUNTAIN EXCURSION

Photographs *D. McLeish*

THE SUMMIT OF THE ST. BERNARD PASS, SHOWING THE FAMOUS MONASTERY. THE LIFE-SAVING DOGS ARE HOUSED IN THE SMALL BUILDING ON THE RIGHT

The monks of St. Bernard, who have been established in this locality since the twelfth century, may well be held up as popular heroes. In the majority of cases the severity of the winter climate is such as to undermine their constitutions after some fifteen years' service, compelling them to descend to the valleys with broken health. The famous dogs, who aid in the search for travellers lost in storms, are short-coated, the long-haired variety having been found to be useless, owing to the ease with which snow and icicles cling to them

(Continued from page 450)

no longer held him. I suppose there comes a time in all our lives when we must speak, so that if we have no one to speak to we run mad in telling ourselves our own secret.

He had never forgiven his wife—never meant to forgive her. Beneath his placid exterior, his kindness to those whom he trusted, lay an implacable thirst for vengeance. Silent and patient, gathering force with time. He had been in honour bound to kill his wife seven—nay, ten years ago, and had held his hand. Perhaps more than her infidelity did he find it impossible to forgive her the wrong that she had caused him to do to his own conscience.

"But only last night," he continued, "as I lay in bed, I saw by the moonlight the lictors of death, with the iron staff and the rope of hemp at her head and feet—so I knew that the time had come. Then to-day the wind rose. And the god of Thunder spoke, and the Lightning flashed its mirror to find the guilty whom he sought.

"And my wife arose and barred the doors and window, and lighted fresh joss-sticks and put fresh charcoal on the brazier, blowing it with puffed cheeks and gazing at me from the corner of her eyes—so. For she could not bear me to be silent, not knowing of what I was thinking.

"'It is a stormy day, husband.' But I answered not.

"'Your god of Thunder is angry,' said she, but still I spoke not, for my gods were not her gods. And the wind raging here on the heights was like a great army with guns, till suddenly it ceased, as if they were all dead and the battle over.

"'Your god of Thunder is appeased,' said she.

"And I replied, 'No, woman, he but waits. Unbar the door.'

"And she answered, 'Not yet, for the storm will return when the centre is past.' But I said, 'Unbar the door.' And she unbarred it, and I thrust her out and fastened it behind her."

Chi-Shung opened his book, replaced his spectacles, and ran his fingers over the page to find his place. He was quite calm, and it seemed as if he thought he had finished his story.

I stared at him in horror. "You turned a woman—your wife—out on a night like this! You blackguard—you unutterable blackguard!" And I ran to the door and began to pull down the bars, but Chi-Shung caught at my arm.

"You will not find her," he said; "you will but lose your own life. And then who will there be to bear witness against me?" And he smiled—the same sweet, slow smile. "Wait till the morning comes."

"But she will be dead. She can never reach the village on a night like this," I said, remembering the solitary red-clad figure crying aloud on the hillside.

"She is dead already," he replied calmly. "Was she not my wife, should I not know? The lictors of death were ready, the Thunder and Lightning were ready. And to-morrow——"

"To-morrow you will be in prison again. And you shall swing for it this time, Chi-Shung. Good God! to think of turning out a woman on a night like this—and after three years too!"

But he did not seem to be listening: the book was open on his knees, and he followed the lines with his finger—his lips moving—one by one till he came to the end of the page, then he looked up and spoke again.

"She was a bad woman," he said calmly. "My gods and your gods and her gods—they are not the same; but between them they shall judge us." ELEANOR MORDAUNT

THROUGH A BEDROOM WINDOW

A charming view from a hotel window in Clarens, Montreux, looking across the Lake of Geneva. On most days of the year the Dent du Midi, nearly twenty miles away, may be seen quite clearly from this delightful spot. So thin is the Swiss atmosphere in fine weather, that it is no rare thing to pick out distinctly with the naked eye one or other of the giant peaks sixty to eighty miles away

The Height of Her Ambition

MADAME LÉONTINE RICHARD AND HER GUIDE ON THE PEAK OF THE BELVEDERE

Photograph *Burlingham*

French women are not, as a rule, very fond of athleticism, and, as regards mountaineering, are content to hand over the laurels unquestioningly to their English or American rivals. Madame Richard, however, is the exception which proves the rule, having accomplished the ascent of one of the most difficult heights on the Mont-Blanc chain. It may be noticed, incidentally, that, like a true Frenchwoman, she has contrived to evolve a costume which is at the same time charming and thoroughly business-like

India—

BOOKS about India continue to multiply exceedingly. On the whole they are poor. I always think that this must be so because the authoress—it is generally an authoress—relies largely on other books and her own imagination for her background. Books and the imagination can help to build up some kind of a novel, but not one that will deceive the real Anglo-Indian. It may be very pretty, very flamboyant, very mysterious—the East, of course, has long thrived on its atmosphere of mystery which occasionally reaches as far West as Bond Street—or very magnificent, but it will not be India. This is what you may be told by the Anglo-Indian himself. On the other hand, there are one or two people writing about an India that is real, and their books are worth reading. Among their number is Mrs. Perrin, who writes vividly and well about things which she knows as few others know them. Her latest novel, *The Anglo-Indians* (Methuen: 6*s.*), is an interesting story centring about a still more interesting problem—that of the retired official. If he is a bachelor, his pension will generally allow him to spend his last days in peace and comfort and the luxury to which he has become accustomed. And England, in that case, will make him as pleasant a home as the India where the best years of his life have been spent. If, on the other hand, he is married and has a large family and no more income than that provided by his pension, what will happen? This is Mrs. Perrin's problem.

MRS. ALICE PERRIN

Whose latest novel, "The Anglo-Indians" (Methuen: 6s.), has just been published, and is reviewed on this page

—And England

In the Fleetwoods she takes such a family, and introduces them to you, important, hospitable, popular in India. Mr. Fleetwood is the Commissioner, hard-working, a keen sportsman, generally beloved and respected, the best kind of servant that England possesses. His wife enjoys her position, entertains largely, puts up the dilettante Sir Rowland Curtice when he comes to "see things for himself," and has friends everywhere. Her elder daughters have the chance of marrying, but do not take it, chiefly because they do not wish to live the rest of their lives out in India. But Fay, their younger sister, is different. To her India is everything. She views her father's coming resignation with consternation. She is an influence for good on the young Rajah of Rotah, whose English bear-leader, Capt. Somerton, unwittingly falls in love with her. Then the Fleetwoods return to England, and their return is a tragedy, for in England who are they? The elder girls have a fairly good time, it is true, but at a price. Mr. Fleetwood, however, is lost without his work and his shooting and hunting; and his wife can no longer afford to have twenty-six servants in her house.

Regrets

You are not surprised to read of Mr. Fleetwood's death, told in a single paragraph, and the most poignant paragraph in the book. You see a picture of the widow with an Anglo-Indian friend, old now and no longer the kind hostess, quietly regretting the brilliant past; and the tragedy of it all is only relieved by Captain Somerton's return to England with the young Rajah. Both are in love with Fay, but—well, Kipling has expounded that riddle. I cannot give more than this merest outline of Mrs. Perrin's well-written and well-told story. It is the sincerity and lack of all exaggeration in her book which must most arouse one's interest and admiration. You know the Fleetwoods at the end of the book almost as well as Mrs. Perrin knows them herself. This is the real thing, and the problem set forth should leave you thinking rather hard. I am wondering whether Mrs. Perrin can offer a solution. And yet, perhaps, the Fleetwoods spent rather more than was necessary in India? You must read for yourself and decide.

The Latin Quarter

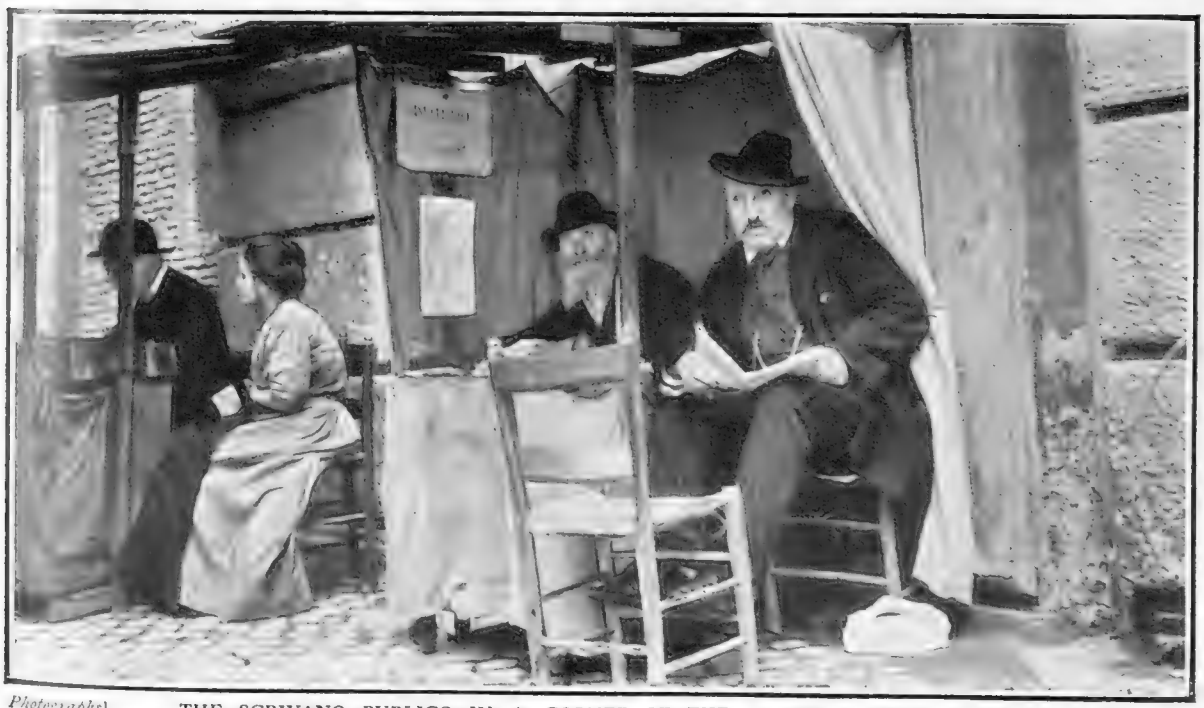
Another equally sincere book is Mr. Clive Holland's *In the Vortex* (Hurst and Blackett: 6*s.*). Here the scene is that famous Latin Quarter in Paris which, if we are to believe the older generation, is no longer the thrilling and wonderful and incredible place it used to be. Mr. Holland certainly makes it out to be exciting enough. His story opens rather slowly. The hero is an American painter, Elbert Glynn, and at first he is shown in his Pennsylvanian home—puritanical, simple, in every way the opposite of that which is to be his in Paris. And thither at first this puritanical atmosphere accompanies the young

Have We No Use for Them?

PUBLIC LETTER-WRITERS IN ITALY AND THE NEAR EAST

Photograph] A STRING OF PUBLIC LETTER-WRITERS IN A CAIRO THOROUGHFARE *[Cutler*

A FAMILIAR SIGHT IN SUEZ: PUBLIC LETTER-WRITERS WAITING FOR CLIENTS



Photographs] THE SCRIVANO PUBLICO IN A CORNER OF THE CAMPO DI FIORI, ROME *[Chichester*

Observant tourists are acquainted with the public letter-writer, a secretarial gentleman of unbounded self-confidence. He is to be found in Southern Europe and Asia, and, at a moment's notice, is willing to write anything to anybody. His fees are modest in the extreme, rarely, for the most intimate epistle, exceeding a franc or its equivalent. The undoubted advantages of this profession should make it popular among "Constant Readers," First Lords of the Admiralty, unemployed London journalists, and other busy people who find themselves over-burdened with correspondence in the silly season

man, who, if not actually shocked at the unconventionality of it all, is certainly astonished. He works hard, and his work is good. He is going to be a great painter; all his friends admit so much—and then there happens one of those little incidents, so common to the quarter, which drags him into the vortex, and for a time, at any rate, forces him to paint pot-boiling panels at three francs apiece. Jeanette, that is to say, arrives. Jeanette is a fascinating model who, unlike most of her kind, has hitherto denied herself the pleasures of love. But Monsieur Elbert is good-looking, and Jeanette appears at a moment when his big studio seems unusually empty. As a result the painter's appearances at the school are infrequent.

The Old Story

Absinthe and whisky make their disastrous appearance, and Glynn goes under. It always seems to me rather difficult to believe that a good fellow like Glynn cannot divide his attentions between love and work, but apparently he cannot, and letters to America are no longer so truthful and full as they were. Jeanette has an apache of a cousin who uses his knife, and Glynn is nearly killed. He is still ill when his mother and sister unexpectedly arrive. Then comes the problem. What of Jeanette? But Glynn has good friends, and even the most puritanical of mothers can understand. Glynn marries his nice little model. Some of Mr. Holland's sentences are rather long-winded, and his characters are occasionally more grammatical than they need be, but the book gives what I imagine to be a sound and accurate picture of Bohemian life in Paris. The book, I understand, is already in its second edition.

Capital and Labour

Broken Ladders (Cassell: 6*s.*), by Andrew Soutar, has a particular interest at the moment, inasmuch as it deals with the vexed questions of Capital and Labour. The daughter of a rich railway director could have married the son of a peer, but chooses Malcolm Brasse, who had been a railway guard but is now in Parliament, a "trusted leader"—I believe this is the correct phrase—"of the people." Brasse, however, does not survive the rise to prominence. He drinks and he embezzles, and life is not good to his wife. But finally he dies, and then—well, you know what happens. The story is disappointingly mechanical. The titled people speak rather curiously of each other, and the "Masters" at Oxford must be a new kind of don. Seaforth, with his friend Shadowe, alone lifts the book from the commonplace.

RALPH STRAUS

Photograph *Cutler*

HOLLAND'S MOST POPULAR WATERING-PLACE

A scene on the sands at Scheveningen, a watering-place a short distance from The Hague, whither the thrifty Dutch repair to recuperate after the stress of bulb-growing and diamond-cutting. The old part of the town is very picturesque and is principally inhabited by fisher-folk. N.B.—The curious toadstool-like excrescences seen in the photograph are chairs

Still Known as The Weaker Sex

THE TEAM OF FINNISH GIRLS AT THE OLYMPIC GAMES

Women, we are told, played a considerable part in the Olympic Games at Stockholm. Our photograph shows the team of girls from Finland who, by their suppleness of body and gymnastic proficiency, proved to the delighted spectators that the traditions of Ancient Sparta are being slowly but surely revived in Europe at large

AFTER GROUSE ON THE DUMFRIESSHIRE MOORS

Some members of the Duke of Buccleuch's shooting party on the moors near Langholm. In the photograph may be recognised on the right, Lord George Scott, Lord Henry Scott, Lord Cecil Manners, Lord Whitchester, and the Hon. G. Herbert

Shooting: Some Advice to the Novice

Hints to the Neophyte

The man who can find something new to write about shooting is somewhat of a genius. Those who are experienced with the gun already know most things there are to be said on the subject, and, therefore, for them to read what they know by heart is not very interesting, and is probably skipped. For whom, then, is one to write, unless it be for ingenuous youth—the budding sportsman or the man of maturer years who has taken up shooting late in life? To these, perhaps, many instructive points can be told, and valuable tips given which may be productive of good. I believe that most men like to be looked upon as fine sportsmen, and to understand what they talk about. Some do, but many are lamentably ignorant on the subject, and they betray themselves every other minute. Some like to be told things, and try to learn; others will not listen to a word and imagine after the first rabbit they manage to pot they know everything. My good friends, though you flatter yourselves you are very knowledgeable, or, at least, you imagine you are leading others to think you so, let me beg you to understand you are being read like a book the whole time. Don't mind being modest, and don't think any decent man will despise you for saying openly you are a beginner and that you are anxious to learn. You only earn respect from the experienced, who will then help you and sympathise with your efforts.

A Difficult Art

The shooting season has commenced, and there are, no doubt, hundreds of beginners who are looking forward to joining parties later on either for partridges or pheasants. It is yet to be seen how they will acquit themselves when the time arrives. I daresay many of them imagine that shooting is a very simple sort of thing, and that it is quite easy to become a good shot. Perhaps in early September the embryo gunner may by good luck manage to down a slow-flying young bird, and is immensely pleased at so doing. He thinks at once he is a finished shot, and that all birds before him will share the same fate. My friends, be not deceived. Shooting is not learnt in a day, and brilliant shots are few and far between. Shooting has to be practised, and there are many things to learn. The first and foremost is, how to handle a gun, and how to be safe with it. You have to practise very considerably before you can even hope to shoot with confidence and be able to kill three out of five, or even two out of five birds. You must learn to judge distance and pace, and the due swing and allowance to make. This only practice will bring you. You may, perhaps, often prick and wound game, which gets away and dies a lingering death, and this is not only cruel, but very exasperating to owners of shoots. You cannot shine at cricket, tennis, or billiards, or any game, without practice, least of all can you at shooting.

Practice Makes Perfect

No man should ever come out with a party until he has had some lessons and practice, and this he can easily obtain. It is for this special purpose that shooting schools exist, and where even experienced shots go before the commencement of each season, just as cricketers go to the nets. A course at a school is the only real way to learn, for although shooting is very delightful, it is always at the same time most dangerous, and an inexperienced man may easily lose his head, and by accident shoot a fellow-gun, a keeper, beater, or dog. My advice, therefore, is to go at once to a school and be taught the rudiments of shooting. Then practise hard. We all have to buy our experience, and some may buy it a little too expensively, *i.e.*, at the cost of life. But to imagine for a moment that because a bird flies or a hare or rabbit runs into your shot occasionally that you are the finished article is to believe a very foolish thing. I repeat, go to school, and learn the etiquette of the shooting-field, for, believe me, there are very rigid rules governing the shooting-field, and these *must* be learnt. Ignorance may be bliss to the beginner, but it is highly dangerous to others. *Experientia docet*, or, as the great "Jorrocks" translated it, "it's the experience as does it," is a good motto, and applies to most things in life, and especially to sport.

LEONARD WILLOUGHBY

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The Metrostyle line is not drawn at random. Its course is decided by the hand and brain of the composer himself or one of his ablest exponents, and every divergence to left or right indicates an essential change in tempo.

The line we show here marks the opening bars of Saint-Saëns Allegro Appassionato, Op. 70. Separated from the music roll it means little, but on the music roll is of the utmost importance. When you follow its course by means of the Metrostyle on the Pianola Piano you are playing this composition exactly as the Composer meant it to be played.

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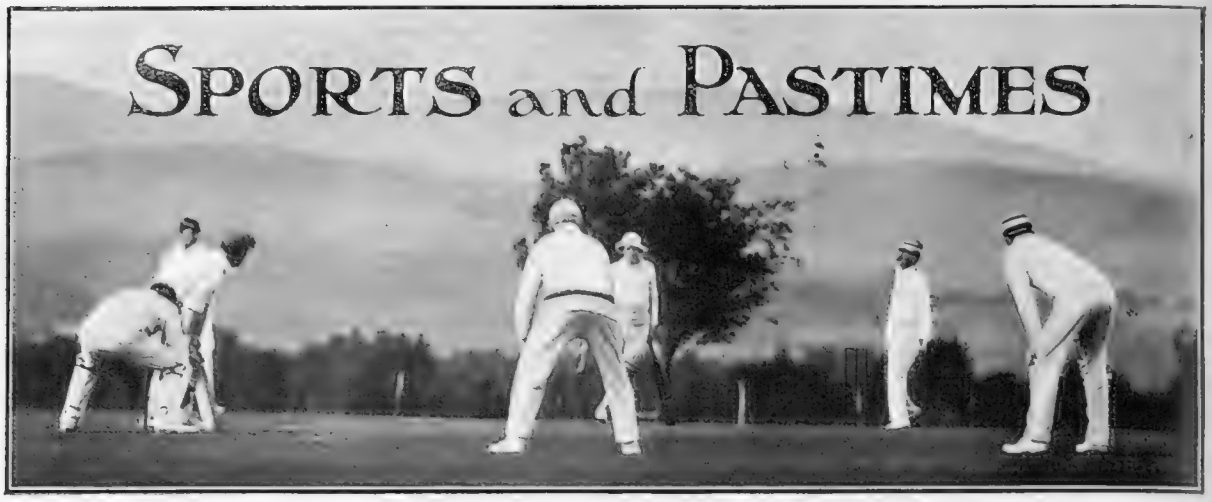
SPORTS and PASTIMES



The Earl of Strathmore

CRICKET AT GLAMIS CASTLE: THE EARL OF STRATHMORE'S XI. v. DRAPERS OF DUNDEE

Quite a good sporting match took place last week on the cricket ground at Glamis Castle, the Forfarshire seat of the Earl of Strathmore, between an Eleven under the captainship of the noble Earl and a side of Dundee Drapers. The game ended in a win for the Castle Eleven. Our picture shows his lordship in the act of bowling

CRICKET

England Saves the Situation

England has won the final match in the Triangular Test, and all is well. Not only does it establish the superiority of England over the other two nations engaged in the Test—which is in itself eminently satisfactory—but it also has had the effect of saving a much-boomed competition from ending in something approaching perilously near to a farce. So carelessly were the conditions of this epoch-making contest drawn up, that if the match between England and Australia, which came to an end on Thursday last, had been won by Australia it would have been extremely difficult, if not actually impossible, to decide what was the actual result of the whole series of matches. England had beaten South Africa—and so had Australia. It was clear, therefore, that South Africa were not in the running.

A Prospective "Impasse"

England and Australia, on the other hand, as against each other, had played two drawn matches, and, therefore, it was open to anyone to say that if Australia won the third match against England she would have won the rubber, since she had gone through the whole series of matches without defeat. It was equally open to anyone else to argue that the total number of wins and losses in the whole series of matches must be taken into account, as is done in the "American" Tournament of the ordinary type at lawn tennis or any other game. By this method of reckoning England and Australia would have tied, for England had beaten South Africa thrice, whereas Australia had only beaten South Africa twice, so that a third win to Australia would only have brought the scores level, at three all. That being so, there would have been apparently no other course open but to play a deciding match between England and Australia, and, as we all know, the possibility of having to do this was quite contemplated.

A Lesson for the Future

However, as I say, all is well that ends well. The Triangular Test has not proved the glaring success that it was going to prove, and no doubt the shocking weather which we have experienced this summer is in a great measure accountable for this; but, all the same, the fact that something like an *impasse* was only averted by the skill of the English eleven should serve as a lesson to organisers of these mushroom contests to have the conditions properly cut and dried beforehand, so as to provide for all contingencies before they embark upon them.

MLLE. CORNET

Winner of the Ladies' Race for the Swimming Championship of France at Joinville-le-Pont, on the Seine, near Paris

YACHTING

Fair-Weather Sailors

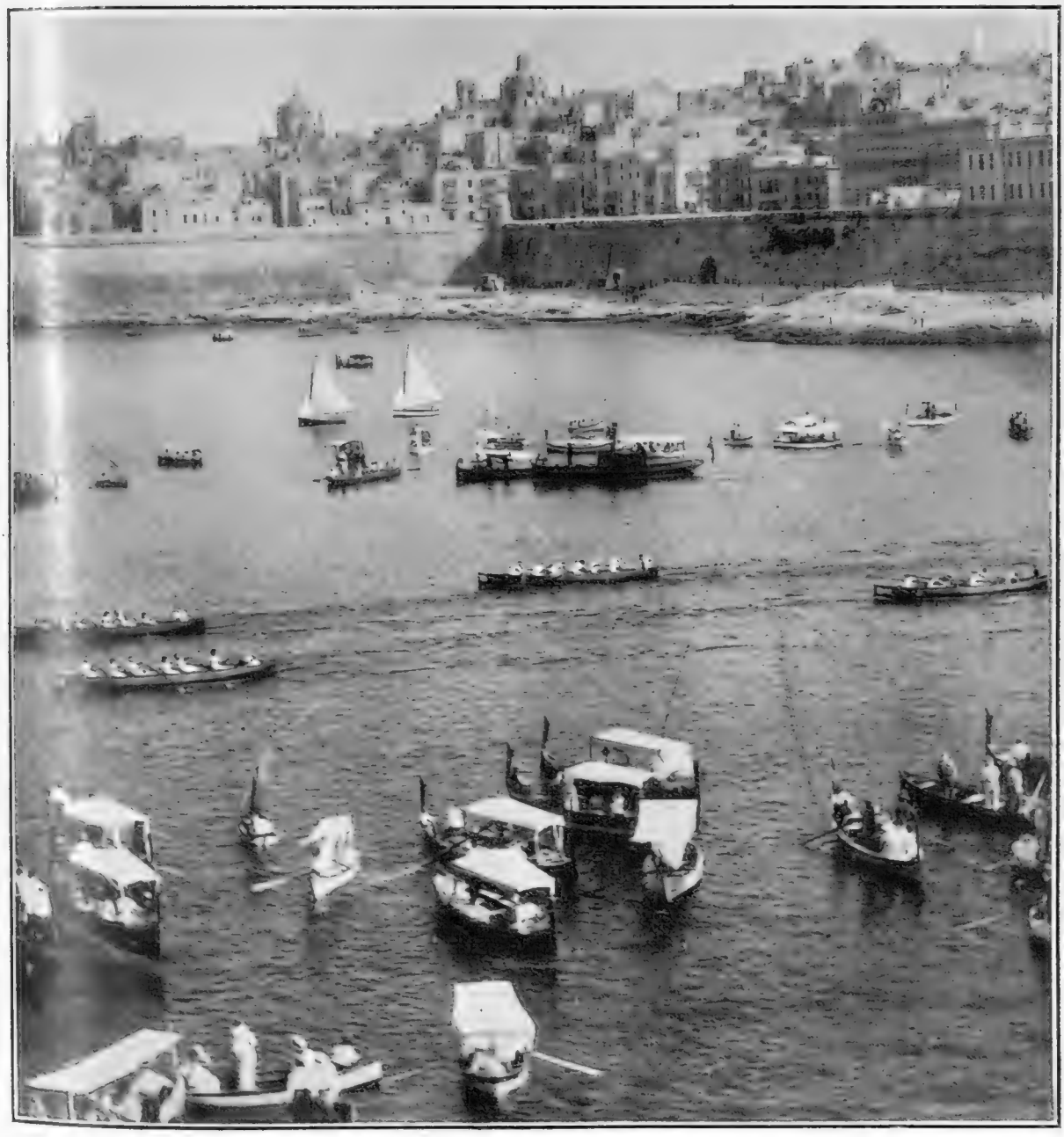
The recent boisterous and unseasonable weather has had the effect of creating a decidedly uncomfortable impression that the yachtsmen of the present day are only fair-weather sailors. The news that such-and-such a race fell through because the owners of the yachts concerned in it did not care to expose them and their crews to the ordeal of a hard blow comes as something of a shock to the ordinary Englishman who has been taught from his childhood to believe that Britannia rules the waves: and I fear that in the last few weeks the sport of yacht-racing cannot have gained much in the estimation of the man in the street, who, with but a superficial knowledge of the conditions under which the sport is carried on, is apt to wonder whether its devotees can be of much account as sportsmen if they are not prepared to face a certain amount of dirty weather.

The Present-Day Racer's Limitations

The real truth is that the modern racing yacht is not properly adapted to the abnormal type of weather which has recently been experienced round our coasts. Yachting is, after all, a summer pastime, and racing under normal conditions is carried on sometimes in topsail breezes, and as often as not in the lightest of light airs. Naturally, therefore, yachts if they are to win races must be built and canvassed to suit these conditions. The most successful boat in the long run of a normal season is the boat which is at her best in a light or a moderate breeze, and can even respond when nearly becalmed to the gentlest puff. It follows, equally naturally, that a boat of this type is not well adapted for hard-weather work. Her sails, her gear, and even her hull are apt to be strained by a tearing wind and a high-running sea, and consequently her owner, mindful, not only of his pocket, but also of races to come when the ordinary summer will doubtless have returned, remains at anchor, and hopes for better things by and bye.

The Rough and the Smooth

All the same, one cannot help wishing it were otherwise. Yacht-racing, to my mind, would be a much more convincing sport if we knew that the beautiful vessels which make history season after season were a little more like seagulls and a little less like butterflies. We have plenty of hard-weather yachtsmen all over the kingdom, but they belong mostly to the cruising brigade, and one can hardly wonder that this hardy fraternity, whose deeds of seamanship never get chronicled in the daily papers, cherish a feeling almost akin to contempt for their *confrères* of the racing division. They are prepared to take the rough with the smooth, and the racing division might do worse than try to emulate their example.



SPORT IN THE MEDITERRANEAN

The Malta garrison held their annual regatta on the 15th inst. The event usually rouses a great deal of interest in the island, and this year's regatta proved no exception to the rule. Our photograph shows the R.G.A. rowing competition in full swing

THE GOUTY AGE.

Uric Acid Invasion.

If you are approaching early middle life, and find yourself suffering from frequent and unaccountable headaches, accompanied by attacks of indigestion, torpid liver, and occasional tingling sensations in your limbs, you may take it that nature is warning you that you are making too much uric acid. Misconception or neglect of the early signs of approaching gout will soon result in unmistakable evidence that you are developing the gouty habit. You will wonder what can be the matter with you. The whole secret is that uric acid which you cannot get rid of is being distributed throughout your body.

If the invasion of uric acid is allowed to continue unchecked, sooner or later the inevitable result follows of an outbreak of gout in some form.

The Prelude to Gout.

You may first of all notice little hard lumps—the so-called chalk stones—forming under the surface of the skin in various parts of the body, the eyelids, or rims of the ear, for instance, and around the finger joints. Then, especially in damp weather, you will begin to suffer pains, tenderness, aches and stiffness in your joints and muscles. Next the joints begin to swell, the knees and the elbows for instance; the pains increase in severity, and are accompanied by a good deal of high temperature. The stiffness becomes more marked, and at last you are forced to admit to yourself you are getting gouty.

Just which of the numerous forms of gout you are going to suffer from is still uncertain. It depends upon the locality chosen for attack by uric acid. Thus, if the dangerous substance impregnates the muscles you will have gouty rheumatism or lumbago. On the other hand, if the needle-pointed crystals of uric acid penetrate through the protective sheaths of the nerves, you will have sciatica (in the thigh) or neuritis (in the arm), with their peculiar hot, pricking pain. If the uric acid stops in the skin you will fall a victim to gouty eczema. You may, however, escape all of these, and yet suffer from kidney stone, and gravel, which are simply solid concretions of uric acid.

The Arrest of Gouty Suffering.

The only possible way to relieve or prevent any of these forms of gout is to clear your system of its load of surplus uric acid.

The one really reliable method by which this can be accomplished pleasantly, safely, and successfully, is by the use of Bishop's Varalettes, the most powerful uric acid solvents and eliminants known.

The whole success of Bishop's Varalettes as a remedy and preventive of uric acid ailments arises from the fact that they have the power to destroy uric acid. Gradually, but resistlessly, Bishop's Varalettes effect a radical chemical change in the very essence and nature of uric acid. They convert this dangerous and destructive agent into a harmless and impotent compound, which is steadily washed out of the joints and tissues. As the uric acid is swept away, swellings in the joints subside, inflammation is dispersed, pain passes away, and stiff joints and muscle move with ease and suppleness. No method of treatment could be more direct, more simple or more successful.

Bishop's Varalettes are perfectly safe. They contain no harmful ingredients such as colchicum, mercury, the iodides, the salicylates, or their compounds—drugs which it is well-known form the main constituents of most gout "medicines." Bishop's Varalettes do not depress the heart or nerves, nor lower the physical system.

Diet Doubts.

The question of diet is one that presents many difficulties to gouty sufferers. It will, therefore, interest all to know that an authoritative guide on the whole subject of foods for the gouty has been published, which will enable them to ascertain with scientific exactitude just what foods and beverages they may freely partake of and what foods are not permissible.

The booklet discusses also uric acid disorders generally, their symptoms, course, and method of treatment, and will be of undoubted value to all who are approaching or have reached middle age, as well as to those who, having passed that period, find themselves victims of the uric acid invasion.

A copy of this booklet will be sent post free on application to the sole makers of Bishop's Varalettes, Alfred Bishop, Ltd., Manufacturing Chemists (established 1857), 48, Spelman-street, London, N.E. Please ask for Booklet V.

Bishop's Varalettes are sold by all chemists at 1s., 2s., and 5s. (25 days' treatment), or may be had direct from the makers.

More About the Proposed Alterations of Rules

In the famous French phrase, the Rules Committee's proposed alterations of the rules have not had a "good Press." There has been general condemnation of a proposed addition to Rule 4, to the effect that a player is entitled to ascertain from his opponent the number of strokes the latter has played, and that if the opponent gives wrong information he shall lose the hole unless he correct his mistake before the player has played another stroke. I sincerely trust that this pettifogging addition to the rule will be defeated at the autumn meeting. The most serious complaint I have to make concerns certain omissions. That horrible Rule 33, which is a dreadful blot on the code, remains untouched. I was glad to see that Mr. Low, in a recently published article, falls foul of this rule, and I only wish he had insisted on its being expunged from the code. Next we have Rule 36 left untouched. This rule, in its present form, lumps together two absolutely distinct things, claims and disputes. Instead of one rule there should be two, one dealing with claims and laying down the lawful time when they must be made; another providing in case of a dispute to whom the point shall be submitted. It is perfectly possible for a dispute to arise on some point of a match without any claim being made. At present no dispute can, apparently, be settled unless a claim is made at the same time.

Rule 4

The next omission is the failure to alter stroke Rule 4 so as to make it cover competitions, like the Open Championship, which last more than one day. I should be glad to see the word "must" substituted for the word "should" in the first section, while no great ingenuity is required in order to make the requisite alteration in the second section. Such an alteration would make the rule water-tight, and would obviate the possibility of cases arising, such as the Buenos Ayres case, of a player going out on the morning of the second or third day of a big scoring competition and trying the strength of the greens. Lastly, we have the much-discussed Bogey code, which for some inscrutable reason the Rules Committee wish to base on stroke play instead of on match play rules.

A Vital Question

The Rules Committee are flying in the face of all accepted tradition in applying medal rules to poor Bogey. One of the vital distinctions between score and match play is the question of a lost ball. In match play a lost ball means a lost hole, while in score play the player may, under penalty of a stroke, tee another ball at the spot whence he hit the lost ball. Again, by stroke Rule 11 he may lift a ball from any place under penalty of two strokes. In match play he would have to play it or lose the hole. I devoutly hope that this bastard Bogey code will be thrown out at the meeting, and that the Rules Committee will be instructed to draw up a fresh Bogey code founded on the ordinary match-play rules.

ERNEST LEHMANN

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MOTORING: BY LAND, SEA, and SKY

BY ALEX. J. M. GRAY

The Sleeper Wakes

THE Army Aeroplane Trial on and above Salisbury Plain marks the opening of something remarkably like a new era. We have there the first comparatively large concrete indication that the place of aviation in the scheme of national defence has come to a fair recognition in the official mind. We are, it seems—and if we are it is none too soon—making ready to prove that, evidence to the contrary notwithstanding, we are not officially asleep. Those earnest souls who have stood on the doorsteps of the War Office and the Admiralty crying aloud the danger have their reward and their justification. They have disturbed the rest of the occupants before the house caught fire. They now have only to induce the late sleepers to see to the adequate protection of the property, and the fire may never occur. Which, being freely interpreted, is to say that if official concern can be progressively maintained and official encouragement can be secured for the British industry, we may shortly be able to take our place on at least equal terms with those other, fortunately friendly, nations, who have seen the possibilities even of the present immature aircraft and made haste to profit from the vision.

DOWN SUTTON BANK

Sutton Bank has a gradient of one in three. To go up it calls for an engine of power. To come down it without efficiency in brakes is to court catastrophe. The car coming down is the vehicle being used in connection with the tyre test

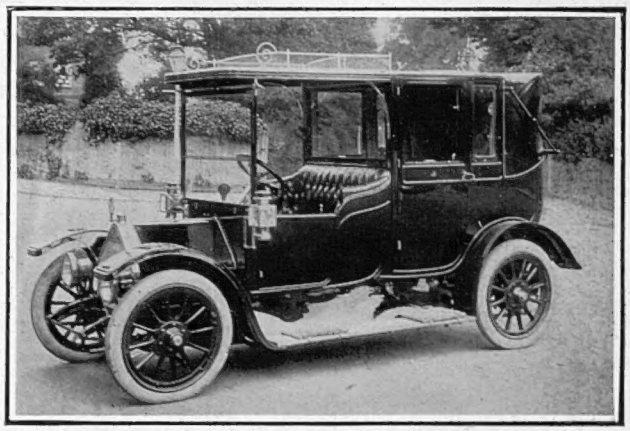
A Gruesome Ideal

It will take some time to catch up, but Salisbury Plain has demonstrated (once again, but to better purpose) that we've got the makings of the ships, we've certainly got the men, and if we haven't got the money too—why, with Consols rising, our credit ought to be good enough to borrow it. A million pounds spent on the development of British aeroplanes would produce—so far have we travelled in the certainties of flight—aerial destroyers equal to sinking ten million pounds worth of marine Dreadnoughts before breakfast, and decimating whole army corps in their spare time. Which is a gruesome and most horrible ideal, but one which mad national rivalries have forced into shape. We never hear nowadays of the power of The Hague Convention. We are frankly out for blood, if the necessity arises, as we pray most earnestly it may *not;* but in order to help our prayer to realisation we are obliged to fashion the most terrible weapon that human ingenuity has ever conceived. Its creation was essential to national security. Hence the outcry of the pioneers of flight, augmented by the partly commercial lamentations of those who could create the machine if only the monetary means were forthcoming.

The Army Trials

They are being blamed just now, these flight pioneers, for the pertinacity of their protest. Yet it was necessary, and Salisbury Plain is proof that it had its effect. They are being charged again with lack of patriotism in applauding the performances of foreign machines. But that was not to the detriment of the British machine, but only a stimulus to it. There were, indeed, few British machines to applaud, and some got more, as it subsequently transpired, than their deserts. Even in the army trials the majority of the machines are wholly foreign, and most of the British machines are foreign in parts. Necessarily so; but that is not blame for the British aeroplane. It is the greater credit that without official subsidy and with precious little encouragement the British manufacturer has produced an aircraft that has ranked equally in the merit of its performances

with the Continental product, Continentally piloted. Later I may have opportunity for a minor estimate of the outstanding features of the meeting. Meanwhile, in case the title under the illustration of the Bristol monoplane which appeared in a recent issue may have puzzled the reader by its reference to "funnels," it must be explained that the word lacked its inverted commas. The funnels are really funnel-shaped stream line stays. But, then, I do not suppose any reader understood they were smoke stacks!

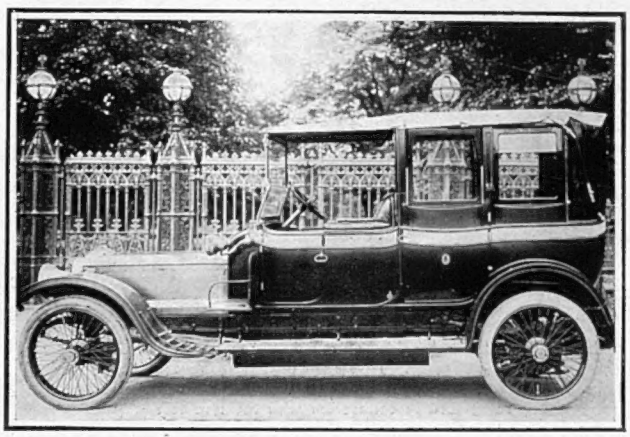


A LORDLY LANDAULETTE

Being a 15 h.-p. Iris chassis, carrying coachwork by James Gray. In dark claret picked out black with a fine crimson lake, it makes a very smart vehicle, which has been purchased by Mr. H. Hawkins Turner, of Hartfield, Sussex

White Achievements

Mr. Frederic Coleman, of the White Company, returns from Russia to confirm the most eulogistic reports which have preceded him concerning the performances of White cars in the Russian War Office Trials. Briefly, these trials will easily rank with the most strenuous and rigorous tests to which the automobile has ever been submitted. Two thousand miles of the roughest, rudest roads were traversed with, by way of "divarsion," an occasional adventure across country which left the cars bereft of any road at all. It was a highly important international test, as may be judged by the fact that forty-five makes from eight countries competed. The White Company entered two touring cars with ordinary London-made bodies, two ambulance vehicles, and a tank waggon to hold two tons of petrol mounted on a 1½-ton White truck. The power-plant was the same in each case—the world-famous 20-30 h.-p. White petrol engine. Not one of those five vehicles has been allowed to leave Russia. Alone of all the teams entered the White has been bought up by the Russian authorities as the best of the competitors. That is a signal achievement upon which the White Company may properly plume itself. It makes a very famous victory, and splendidly rounds off a trip which Mr. Coleman admits to have been entirely interesting and enjoyable—by reason of the historical associations of the places passed, the personal concern of the Russian authorities from the Tsar downwards, and the consistent running of the White car. Mr. Coleman hopes later to collate his impressions and experiences in book form. Illustrated by a selection of the hundreds of photographs he has had taken, it should be a vastly interesting document. As to which, more anon.



A CONCEPTION IN CABRIOLETS

A 30 h.-p. 6-cylinder Daimler, with a very fine body by Mulliner, built to the order of Cassamally J. Peerbhoy, J.P., a front-rank gentleman in the Moslem community of Bombay. Supplied through the Bombay Motor Car Company

In Compression

On such drab days Sunbeams must score heavily—and do. At Pateley Bridge the 12-16 h.-p. tied with the 80 h.-p. La Buire, and beat the previous record for the hill. In the open classes Sunbeams filled two of the four first places, and in the class restricted to members of Yorkshire Clubs Mr. Genna took a gold medal. A Sunbeam day. If the other sort of sunbeams were as prolific in successful manifestations this would have been a delightful summer. Instead of which——

More attested evidence of Palmer tyre longevity—a motor-cycle tyre this time. Three thousand miles on the back of a 4 h.-p. machine; 12,000 on the front and still running—15,000 miles from one tyre. Palmers for pace, pleasure, profit, and prodigal mileage on any petrol vehicle.

Shock-absorbers are inevitable until a revolution is wrought in suspension. As a contribution to comfortable travel their value is high. But they have to be shock-absorbers in more than the label on the box. Some are. On the other hand some are not. The new Hobson's are very definitely in the first category with the added advantages that they can be fitted easily, even while you wait, if necessary, and cost on the average £3 per pair.

The Minerva team won in the Grand Prix Belgique, which was held over a distance of 720 miles on Saturday and Sunday, July 20 and 21. The race was decided on a system of awarding points for the best adherence to a stipulated average time. The Minerva cars used Dunlop detachable wheels, which permit of extremely rapid change, and which are of great assistance when exact running to schedule is essential.

The only mechanically automatic carburettor is the Claudel-Hobson, consuming petrol in proportion to the engine load.—Send for details of it to-day to H. M. Hobson, Ltd., 29, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.

There are over 400 different makes of automobiles to choose from. Jarrott, Ltd. (Sole Director, Mr. Chas. Jarrott), will be pleased to give expert advice on new or second hand cars.—Jarrott, Limited, 35, Sackville Street, Piccadilly, W.